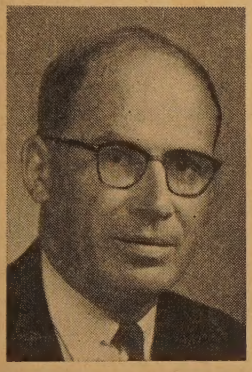
The Pulpit

A Journal of Contemporary Preaching



Arthur W. Mielke:

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James G. Gorwill	•	Sculpture by Epstein
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A Portrait of God

OL. XXIX, No. 8 AUGUST 1958

The Pulpit

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PULPIT POST

More Clarity Still!

SIR: How strange to see "Pulpit Post" and "Memo" both arguing for clarity in preaching, and then to read in the same issue the sermon, "The New Age and the New Man."

I note in the closing paragraph of July Memo that the sermons in The Pulpit are "exercises of clarification against which we check our own." I have no quarrel with the idea of the sermon mentioned above (I think) but I would not call it an exercise in clarification. I try to visualize a congregation listening to that sermon, having to get it on the first and only run, and coming away with any clear-cut idea of what the preacher was saying. All I can see is a puzzled expression, and it seems I can hear a few muttering, "How was that again?"

On the other hand, thanks for the sermon "Why Was I Born?" It is an inspiring and enlightening lesson in clarification.

LYLE D. STEPHENSON.
First Methodist Church
Ashland, Wisconsin

Patience in the Pew

SIR: I am a layman but I do subscribe to The Pulpit for the sermons in it are very helpful and inspiring. In t June issue is a very interesting tabu tion of sermons which have appea in The Pulpit since 1929 ("Covera Good, But Not Complete" by Rob Burns).

There has been no sermon preach on a text chosen from Joel, Obadia Nahum, and Zephaniah. For years have been waiting to hear a serm preached on Joel 2:25 as a text. I ha even asked ministers to preach on th text, but none has done it so far!

"And I will restore unto you t years that the locust hath eaten." should think one could write a serm on this part-verse that would be of t mendous help to many people. An a tual invasion of locusts could be d scribed with all its attendant destru tion (the picture outlined as Joel giv it) and then the restoration.

Joel's message could be applied the nations of the world today, to t church universal, to the individu Their past and present sins could touched upon, and then it could shown that it is not too late to esca destruction or suffering. The ver which Joel has given us tells of t healing power of God in the huma soul. It may be blackened and seare

(Continued on page 31)

The Pulpit

A Journal of Contemporary Preaching

LUME XXIX | AUGUST 1958 | No. 8

Memo:

HE possessor of the initials which usually tag this memo was last heard from on June 17. It is w 2:10 p.m. on July 7. He chose to communicate a colored postcard from San Anselmo, Cali-nia. The colored side informs us that the Ameri-can Legion, the Rotary, the Chamber of Com-merce, and the Amvets welcome Ted Gill and all of us to San An-mo. The obverse ("This side of card is for Mes-ge") is a sort of wish-you-were-here greeting that got to wish we were there. It is addressed to the itorial staff: "Dear All: Here I sit on a Cali-nia mountain top far off the beaten track, in a nimum of clothes, soaking up beams that have nted across 93 million miles of nothing to hit me st of all the earth! And oh what a glory all ound — mountains, ocean, lakes, sky, forests, lds. I left, a cynic—I shall return, a nature mys-. TAG."

We leave our editor there, with sun setting over e bay, the late-day gulls silhouetted against the y and cloud. He leaves us here, a bit cynical out being clad in a maximum of clothes, soaking fumes from buses and wishing for a Lake Shore eeze to whish through The Pulpit office. We sit re, as the last of all the earth, almost fearing that will come back a nature mystic, taking comfort om the inaccuracy of his reporting: he did not *ally* leave, a cynic.

Such pondering, however, provokes the tempta-on to sermonize here about nature-mystic sermons. would mistrust the man who has never been mpted by the wonders of Vacationland, U.S.A., preach a "Nature Sermon." I mistrust most of ose who have preached them. Let us be Protestant out it: I have wrestled, too, and lost.

Nature Sermons are usually deadly affairs, for ey are addressed to a faithful flock in shirt-eeves and loose-slung sacks who are enduring an our within four walls for Christian worship but *ot* for the extolling of what is beyond description ust a few feet beyond the walls. Oh, yes, some ave done it. Gerard Manley Hopkins could. I sup-ose John Donne (q.v. Meridian Books, Inc. edi-ion of John Donne sermons, edited by vacationing AG) could. Maybe once in our lives each of us an. In every age there may be someone who can use response to nature with responsive soul, who an forge in the dark night of his soul a bright re-ponse to an ecstasy that at least borders on the religious. But the annual ten-week-stint of naturalizing in the pulpit is the result of succumbing to the same kind of temptation which drove us as adolescents to tackle first the most difficult poetic genre, the love-sonnet. We allow ourselves to assume that we can translate the witchery of greenland, icy mountain, and coral strand to words.

A veteran of summer camps and resort churches, I would have to report that the sermons I heard and have since read are the weakest in the repertory of most pulpiteers. Why? Because, I surmise, we are overpowered by nature in its summer explosion and respond with a quasi-religious expression which can be too easily passed off in a truncated good news and astigmatized vision of the fuller activity of God among men. I have heard ministers who all year preach a unitarianism of the Second Person of the Divine Trinity indulge in summer in a unitarianism of the First Person (we are allowed to mention the Third Person on Whitsunday).

In the affirmation of the obvious and the banalization of the ecstatic we may miss the point of the life and religious needs of vacationers who would like to be do-it-yourself nature mystics with no help from us. Vacationers, who may sun-singe their skin but who cannot jump out of it, know as they will be told that "He Holds the Whole World in His Hands," that Divinity lurks behind the pine needles and finds utterance in woodland voices. They know but they do not really know that in summer, too, people grow old and get sick, make love and have doubts, boast and revel and die. In this broken existence and partial vision the whole message of God's activity is needed daily (and for sure Sundaily) and richly. Now: perhaps Nature-Sermons can be fused with Christian preaching. Paul tried it on a cosmic scale. In the name of Jesus Christ "Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creater: for by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth . . . all things were created by him, and for him: and he is before all things, and by him all things consist." Try preaching on that text before Labor Day. Submit it to The Pulpit. As one of the small army of manuscript readers I will pass it on to TAG to scan for next summer's issues. Depending upon whether he is leaning, at the moment, to his cynical side or his nature-mystical side, it may see print. Send along a spare memo, too, for his next vacation.

Greetings,

M.E.M.-O

Lest We Forget
Or Despair

Hiroshima: Our Guilt and Our Atonement

By Arthur W. Mielke

But Jacob said, "I will not let you go, unless you bless me." Genesis 32:26.

AT about 7 o'clock in the morning of Sunday, August 6, 1945, the Japanese radar system reported the approach of a small force of enemy planes. Hiroshima and the surrounding towns were alerted. By 8 o'clock it was determined that only three planes were in the group. The alert was removed on the assumption that the planes were on a photographic-reconnaissance mission. Shortly after 8:15 the National Broadcasting Company of Japan noticed that the Hiroshima radio was off the air. Attempts were made to reach the station by telephone, but no answer was received. At 8:30 the radio officials were so worried that they asked the railroad telegraph station in Tokyo to try to reach Hiroshima. They were told that the telegraph lines had been cut. It was also reported to them that a large explosion at Hiroshima had been seen by people about thirty miles from the city.

The radio officials, still not knowing what had happened, decided to notify the central government. The government, through military channels, tried to reach Hiroshima by radio, but received no answer. By this time the government officials were also growing concerned. They knew that the various communication centers in Hiroshima were miles apart from each other, and that there was no ammunition dump in the city. They could not imagine what kind of explosion must have occurred to destroy all lines of communication. Further, the three enemy planes which had been reported in the vicinity could not possibly have destroyed all the communication centers or caused the magnitude of explosion which was reported.

So, the Japanese army sent a colonel to Hiroshima by plane to investigate the situation. When he was still a hundred miles from the city, he saw a sight which he could not comprehend—a huge pillar of smoke that stretched unbelievably high into the air. As he approached the city, he circled and looked down in utter amazement at the dev tation beneath him. Being unable to land at Hi shima, he finally set his plane down at an airfi thirty miles away. By that time some people w had escaped from Hiroshima reported to him th a large bomb had been dropped on their city, th terrible fires were raging through most of streets, and that thousands must surely ha perished.

Statistics of the Horrible

As was later revealed, one of the three Americ planes had dropped the first atom bomb ever to dropped on a city. It exploded with the power twenty thousand tons of TNT and with a bla equal to that of all the high explosive which cou be carried in a fleet of two thousand heavy bom ers. The bomb fell near the geographic center of t city of 343,000 persons, a city of about the size metropolitan Syracuse and completely destroy 60% of the city. The heart of the city was co pletely pulverized. One army officer remarked th the city seemed to have been ground into dust the foot of a giant. It was later found that 26 the 33 fire companies had been completely d stroyed, that two-thirds of the approximately 8 firemen had been killed, that 260 of 300 physicia and surgeons had been killed, and that 1,800 2,400 nurses had been killed. Deaths numbered mo than 100,000 and another 100,000 were injure They died as a result of the shock wave, burn falling debris, and the damaging effects of radi tion. Many more have died from effects of radiati since the bombing.

We are told that the bomb which fell on Nag saki a few days later was of a different type, bu the results were much the same—the tremendou flash, and the billowing mushroom of smoke, fo lowed by death, destruction, suffering, pain an bewilderment.

Harrison Brown, an atomic scientist, wrote i his book, *Must Destruction Be Our Destiny?*:

> At Hiroshima man committed what must witho doubt be the greatest single slaughter of human being that has occurred in any one day in history. We remem ber the horror of Lidice and our shock at the mass butch ery in the German concentration camps; we have read the mercilessness of Attila, the rape of Nanking, th Black Hole of Calcutta, and the Death March of Bataan

---

ARTHUR W. MIELKE, *a graduate of the University of Illinois and Yale Divinity School, has served Presbyterian and Congregational churches in Cooperstown and Middletown, New York, and since 1945 has been pastor of Park Central Presbyterian Church in Syracuse, New York. Mr. Mielke is a member of the Board of Christian Education of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.*

n terms of mass slaughter, all these are but flimsy shadws in comparison to Hiroshima. It is fortunate for the apanese that they surrendered shortly after the second omb, as it is, indeed, for our own consciences that more ere not used.[1]

t certainly is. For we have enough on our conces for having dropped the first atom bomb on efenseless civilian population, and also the sec-, without having to live with the memory of ing dropped more. The finger of history has eady written. The indelible record cannot be nged. Our nation was the first to use this new unbelievably terrible weapon of destruction, l to use it without warning. It is unpleasant to ell on this fact, but it remains a matter of record t the first nation to do this was not a backward, ivilized, unchristian nation, but our own beed country, presumably cultured, advanced, hune and Christian.

The Debate

At the time we rejoiced greatly because without doubt, the two bombs brought the war with pan to a speedy close. It was argued then, as it still argued, that such drastic action was justied because, by ending the war, the lives of ousands of young Americans and Japanese would saved. For this of course we are all grateful; but r consciences are still deeply troubled at the ought that the moral price we paid for victory as so high as to amount to a moral and spiritual feat.

Some will say that the decision to drop the bomb as made for purely military considerations, that is fair in love and war, that if we created the mb first we had a right to use it first, and that, ce the war is over, we should forget about the oral implications of what was a military neces-y. But the trouble with this argument is that we ve not let the Nazis and Communists off so sily. Our nation took the lead in bringing the aders of Nazi Germany to an international court order to condemn them in the name of the conience of mankind. And we have just as strongly ndemned the leaders of Communist Russia for eir inhuman treatment of political enemies and tellite peoples. Since we all stand under the judgent of the same God, we cannot expect him to ring our enemies to judgment while letting us off. ither we should treat the Nazis and Communists lightly as we want to be treated or we must cknowledge that we, too, have sinned. Any sensive Christian knows that in the long run there is o alternative but the latter. Somehow we must ce up to our guilt in dropping the first atom omb.

Others will say that our deed was only tit for at, since Japan had first committed the treachery f Pearl Harbor. But two wrongs have never made right and never will. We firmly believe that Japan tands condemned before God for Pearl Harbor, ut this is her spiritual problem, just as Hiroshima s ours. Paul gave us some clear advice at this point when he wrote to the Romans: "Beloved, never avenge yourselves, but leave it to the wrath of God; for it is written, 'Vengence is mine, I will repay, says the Lord.' "

Still others maintain that the difference between dropping an atom bomb and the saturation bombing of a city like Tokyo is but a matter of degree, and that we should be no more disturbed at one than at the other. However, the atom bomb marks a distinct breakthrough in scientific achievement and now makes possible the extinction of whole cities and nations. The atom bomb and its successor, the hydrogen bomb, are so unbelievably destructive as to usher in an entirely new era of warfare. Those who would use such a bomb must reckon with the intense moral problem of releasing a force which now makes it possible for one nation to destroy the cities of another nation before the victim could do anything about it. The many terrible moral problems presented by war come to a tragic focus in the atom bomb, so that we are now at the point in history where we must either learn to live together in peace and mutual trust or face the real possibility of self-destruction.

If some people are still able to justify our dropping of the first atom bomb ever to be dropped on a city, it is very clear that two groups of people, the scientists and the churchmen, are deeply troubled. The atomic scientists in particular are frightened, disturbed men. To read their writings leaves no doubt that they wonder whether they have created a Frankenstein which will devour its creators. They leave no doubt that it is now theoretically possible for one nation to destroy another nation. They speak and write like Old Testament prophets, foretelling destruction if we do not speedily develop a world government and the will to live with one another in peace. The old days of antagonism between science and religion are gone, for scientists have taken to their pulpits like preachers to warn against the potential evil of what they have created. There is a moral urgency in their writings, and we can understand why. They know the terrible consequences of the misuse of this new power.

A Pyrrhic Victory

A friend of mine, who is a minister of a church in Princeton, New Jersey, tells of a visit paid him by the Rev. Kyoshi Tanimoto, the Methodist minister who miraculously survived the blast at Hiroshima. He said that Mr. Tanimoto asked to meet Dr. Einstein, because he, a man on whom the first atom bomb fell, would like to meet the man who made the atom bomb possible. The great mathematician was pleased to welcome the visitor from Japan. One can only imagine the drama and emotional excitement of that meeting at the professor's house. As the conversation was reported, Dr. Einstein ventured to suggest that the bomb should never have been dropped on a city, but that it should have been dropped on water or wasteland. The Japanese minister, in the gracious manner of his people, tried to set Dr. Einstein at ease by suggesting that surely the Japanese would have

(Continued on page 21)

[1]Harrison Brown, *Must Destruction Be Our Destiny?* (New York: mon & Schuster, Inc., 1946). Used by permission.

Editor's Introduction

A Telexperiment

ON Sunday afternoon, February 2, 1958, "Camera Two," a regularly scheduled program of WBBM-TV (Columbia Broadcasting System), featured "A Portrait of God." This program, besides being broadcast to the public, was the formal opening of a two-day national religious conference, sponsored by the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago, on the theme "Religion Faces the Atomic Age" and was specially projected to the delegates gathered in an auditorium on the university campus.

Using the format of sensitive commentary on visual symbols, "A Portrait of God" is an attempt to depict, analyze, suggest a way or ways of thinking about God in the 20th century. Our estimate of this venture is that it brought the refreshment of excellence to the church's generally awkward efforts to communicate via television. A leading Chicago critic (Paul Molloy, *Chicago Sun-Times*, February 4, 1958) aptly commented:

> "Portrait of God" . . . was a thoroughly fresh approach to religious programming which, frankly, has lacked stimulation on TV except for the zealous . . . As a TV production (regardless of one's interpretation of the Divinity) "Portrait" was bold and its content was challenging—which is more than can be said for many sermons.

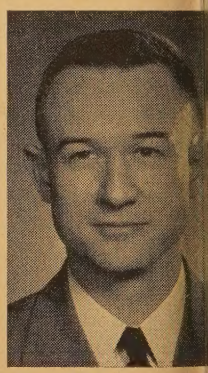
For the permission and preparation of this material for use in The Pulpit, we are indebted to Mr. Norbert Hruby, Radio and Television Office, University of Chicago, who produced the program; Miss Harriet Atlas, Public Affairs Department, WBBM-TV; John Coughlin, announcer, "Camera Two"; and Miss Gloria Hunt, secretarial staff, Divinity School, University of Chicago. Biographical information on the participants follows on this page.

There is one apologetic reference which needs be made. The process of reproducing the paintings—photographs to slides to photoprints to "cuts"—turned out to be a complicated calculation that outsmarted us. Too late to change, we discovered the landscapes to be reversed—right is left and left is right. We hope that our readers can transcend this difficulty easier than we can our embarrassment. Our only advice is to suggest that for authenticity, please use mirrors!

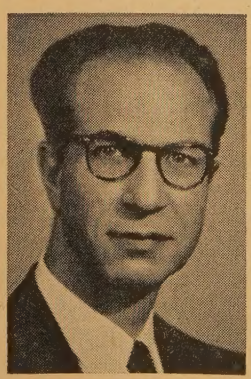
BERNARD MACDOUGALL LOOMER *is professor of philosophy of religion, Federated Theological Faculty, University of Chicago. An ordained Baptist minister, he has served as dean of the Divinity School and of the Federated Theological Faculty. Educated at Bates College, Maine, and at the University of Chicago, Dr. Loomer is the author of a number of articles on the relationship between the Christian faith and process philosophy.*

JOHN FRANK HAYWARD *received his education at Harvard College, Meadville Theological School, and the University of Chicago. During World War II he served as chaplain in the United States Navy with overseas duty in the Pacific. He then became minister of the First Unitarian Church, Columbus, Ohio, and director of the Channing Foundation at Ohio State University. Since 1951, Dr. Hayward has been professor of religion and art at the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago. He is a member of the Theological Field Committee, the Comm on the Ministry, the Library Committee, the Worship C mittee, and the Meadville Faculty Committee.*

MARKUS BARTH *was born in Su erland, the son of theologian K Barth. He studied theology in B and Basel, Switzerland, in Be Germany, and in Edinburgh, S land. He was minister of an e gelical-reformed church in Bu dorf, Switzerland and received doctorate in theology in Gottin Germany, in 1947. Now an ordai minister in the Presbyterian Chu (USA), he was for three years fessor of New Testament at buque Theological Seminary, buque, Iowa. Since 1956, Dr. Ba has been professor of New Testament at the Federated Th logical Faculty of the University of Chicago. He has wri books on the Apostles, the Lord's Supper, and Baptism.*



JERALD C. BRAUER *is dean of the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago. An ordained Lutheran clergyman, he received his education at Carthage College, Carthage, Illinois, Northwestern Lutheran Theological Seminary, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the University of Chicago. Before coming to Chicago in 1950 as professor of church history, he was an instructor in church history and the history of Christian thought at Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Well-known as an author and lecturer, Dr. Brauer has written books on the mystical e ment in Puritanism, Protestantism in America, and Lut and the Reformation.*



JOSEPH SITTLER, JR. *received education at Wittenberg College Hamma Divinity School, Witt berg, Ohio. He has done gradu study at Oberlin Theological Se inary, Oberlin, Ohio, the Univers of Chicago, and Heidelberg, G many. For thirteen years the pas of the Messiah Lutheran Chur Cleveland Heights, Ohio, he beca in 1943 the professor of systema theology at Chicago Lutheran Th logical Seminary, Maywood, Illin Widely known as a lecturer a chapel preacher, Dr. Sittler is member of the Study Department Committee of the Wo Council of Churches. He has recently come to the Federat Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago as p fessor of Biblical theology.*

A PORTRAIT OF GOD

NNOUNCER: The theme of our program today A Portrait of God." Dean Brauer, I wonder if would comment on the relationship between logy and art?

EAN BRAUER: Well, first of all, an artist does not te in a vacuum. If an artist attempts to understand or to visualize what he means by God, he ws deeply upon the ideas and the insights of present. Certainly, upon its theological and reous beliefs. That was true then; it is certainly today. Now, what we are doing—we are inviting four Theological Faculty members from the versity of Chicago. We are asking them to do things. First, to select a particular visual symwhich makes sense to them. And then, secondly, ight of this particular visual symbol, to explain at they mean by God. Our first participant this ernoon is The Reverend John Hayward, Unian, clergyman and theologian. Mr. Hayward, at symbol have you selected in order to speak out God?

DR. HAYWARD: I have chosen to look at the painting by the famous Spanish master, El Greco, entitled "View of Toledo." This painting represents a very dramatic contrast between two basic ideas in religion. One, God has created, the other, God has judged. Now, the idea of creation is suggested to me because this painting is such a magnificent landscape. You will recall in the book of Isaiah it says, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." I think that the artist here must have had a sense of the whole earth pulsating with the glory of God as he painted this picture. It is a many-sided glory. You look at the bottom of the picture, and you see a kind of gentle glory—soft drift of wind and water and light among the trees and grasses, but as your eye moves up there is a more austere and exciting glory, where you see the bare land and the abrupt mountains behind, as though you were looking at the bone and bones of the planet, and then in the sky an even more dramatic glory with the bright burst of the sunlight interspersed with heavy, rushing clouds. So this, in a way, is the glory of God in his works in nature.

But we must remember that this particular painting is also a portrait of a city. This was the artists's home city and the place where he died. He loved it very much, so he put the city high and proud on a hill. He makes it greet the horizon at the highest point, and he contrives to make every line of the landscape—the wandering of valleys and roads—all converge on that bridge over the river, the left center. Then these lines from nature, so to speak, are all gathered and shot upward on the hill to the climax of the city.

Now, the shape of nature is a curve, a curvilinear shape. The shape of nature has to do with the ungeometrical lines of trees and water and so on. But the shape of the city is geometrical. We are reminded in the city that man is, by and large, the lord of the right angle. The secret geometry of nature is transformed in the clear human geometry. This gives to me the idea first presented in Genesis, that man is made in the image of God. Man is the calculator, the builder, the contriver, the achiever through his strength of intellect and strength of execution. It is something higher than anything else in nature. So the glory of God is also the glory of man, but then there is a very dramatic contrast here, because as you look at that painting you will see how dark it is at the bottom and how noncontrasting it is, and then it rises to the sharp contrasting lights of the city. The sky is just the opposite; it begins light and as your eye moves down the sky, it becomes dark and threatening, the ominous clouds behind the city and the passage from light

"View of Toledo" by El Greco

to dark and the passage up from dark to light makes a kind of thundercloud behind the city.

The city in this light appears as proud and arrogant, and the idea of God's wrath judging the arrogance of man is here. Now, this is ironic that the beauty of the city, the wonder of the city, is responsible for the death in human life and creation, and at the same time the city is the breeding place of iniquity, and the artist seems to be saying that this city, as wonderful as it is, can also, by its evil, be an affront to God. It can attract the lightning. In this respect, the artist seems to be saying that unless there is a unity, a loving cooperation, some kind of humble connection between man and nature, between the whole of creation, there is really no real glory of God. The glory of God is shattered by the sinfulness of man. This city, in other words, presents the great alternative that we must all face, all the cities of men today. They will either reflect the glory of God, or they will bring upon themselves his wrath. They will be dust that in the very dust of the earth a lightning will arise. It will destroy us and it will make man an unknown species.

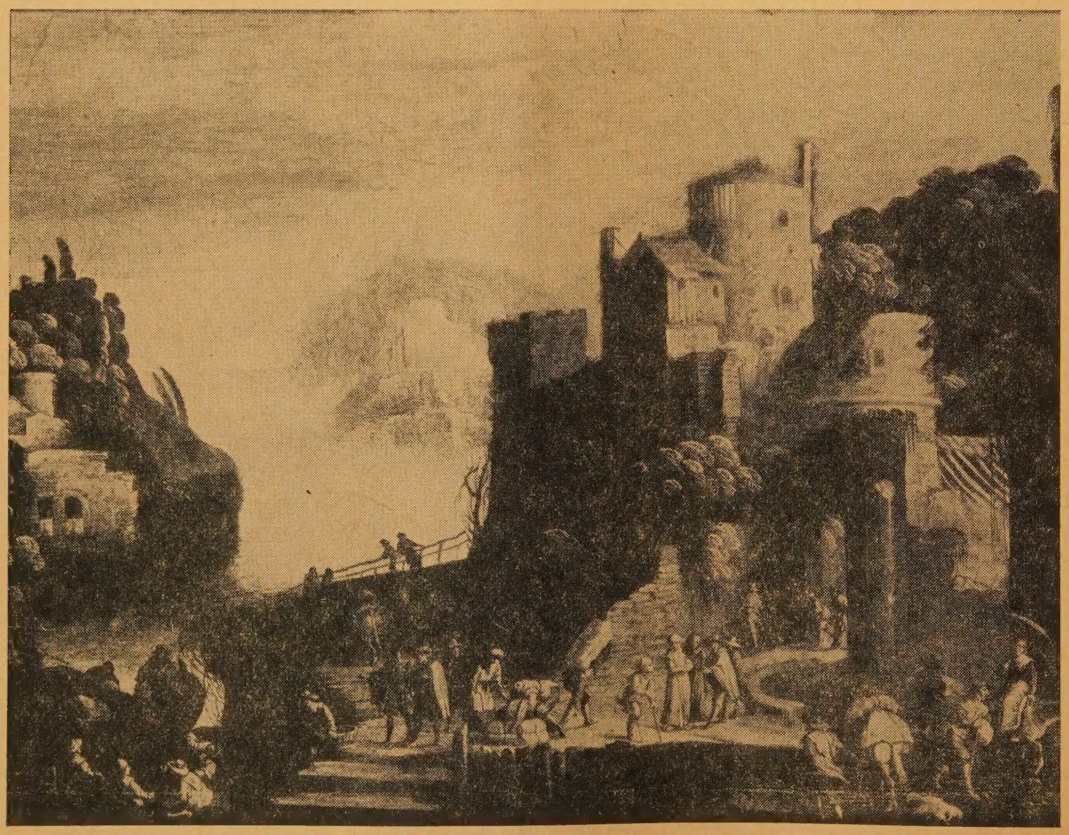
DEAN BRAUER: Mr. Hayward, in using this particular visual symbol in order to talk about God, pointed out the reality of God as creator and as judge. Certainly this is one way of taking a portrait of God. Our second theological professor is the Reverend Markus Bath. Mr. Barth is a clergyman who comes from a reformed or Calvinist tradition in Switzerland. I imagine you had a certain amount of difficulty in selecting a particular symbol.

DR. BARTH: Indeed, considerable difficulty. Among the Ten Commandments there is one which prohibits explicitly the making of any pictures likeness of God. I hold that this commandment fers to all images of God and of Jesus Christ whether they are made with brushes or chisels, w symbols or words.

Still, the reproduction which you see may serv good purpose. An unknown Flemish artist of t 17th century has painted this landscape, and I lo at it daily in my study. The picture presents in n balance a foreground and a background, a contr of what is clearly recognizable and what is mis and hazy. But no reason exists to say: God is th mist, or God is in that haze where heaven and ear seem to flow into one another.

The picture also shows the sea and rocks a trees and animals. These natural things are match by man-made castles and the platform in the fo ground. But again: no reason is given to place G nearer the sea or the trees, the rocks or the anima than to the products of man's architectural art the skylines and piazzas of the 17th or the 20 centuries.

The painting shows further people engaged different activities. Some are busy carrying me chandise from the boats in the right corner into t castle at the left. To the busy people belong tho who direct or discuss the traffic, or those who sta on or arrive from a journey. Others are more co templative, enjoying the view, chatting along, just resting. But both, the activists and the leisure fill the stage in a harmonious way. There is no cla struggle visible, and the artist did certainly n want to preach that God is either only in labo management and toil or only in contemplation.



Landscape by unknown Flemish artist

EAN BRAUER: Do you, then, believe, that God nly in a book, or in a church, or in the heart of —in all those things that are not found on your ure of a landscape?

R. BARTH: I did not say such a thing, and I 't wish to say it. But I do want you to look at a ail of this painting. In the Golden Mean, there is ipple, supported by a wooden leg (just like Cap- Ahab in the Melville story) and by a stick. But man cannot hunt for his Moby Dick. For he is d. And yet he is in the brightest spot of the pic- . Background and foreground, nature and ievements of technology, busy and contempla- people: they all have their center in that crip- Nobody looks at him or talks to him. Nobody s him or cares for him. But here he is—as surely as miserably as there are physical, moral, and ial cripples in the midst of human society—and strangely and as necessarily as there is a man on cross of Golgotha at the heart of human history. may attempt to disregard or to despise, to hate to flee this man of sorrows who is in our midst. is still the hinge around which everything turns. ether the painter knew or knew not what he , he depicted our world and our life in the way d looks at it.

For God is he who made heaven and earth, na- e and history, labor and rest—and he has made m that way that one man should be typical for and the focus of all. God is he who has mercy d grants life to the miserable man. For this man's e God has patience with all the idlers and busy- lies around him. If we say what God is to this man, and through him to others, then we have d who God is. The God of Jacob and of Job, of vid and of Isaiah, or Golgotha and of Damascus he one and only God.

There was a man (by the name of Moses) who nted to see the face of this God. And he was isfied when he was given to hear from God him- f who God is. This is what was said to him: A d merciful and gracious, slow to anger and undant in steadfast love and faithfulness. And re are people who saw Jesus Christ on the cross; y confessed that there they saw grace and truth, glory of the Father.

Another ground of our knowledge of God and vice to God cannot be laid. Jesus Christ is the age of God.

DEAN BRAUER: Professor Barth, in trying to talk, to understand, or to seek, what he means by God, inted to the fact that it is in a single man that he ay encounter God—in humility, in brokenness, d yet in mercy. Our third guest is the Reverend rnard Loomer, a Baptist clergyman, a professor the philosophy of religion. Mr. Loomer, what mbol have you chosen to speak about God?

DR. LOOMER: Well, Mr. Brauer, I have chosen a ther strange and formidable symbol. You will see to be the very famous and well-known mathe- atical equation of Einstein, $E = mc^2$. This is an uation having to do with the transformation of ergy into mass or mass into energy, where the mbols are: E equals energy, m equals mass, and has to do with the constant speed of light.

DEAN BRAUER: In what way does this enable you or help you to speak about God?

DR. LOOMER: Well, I grant that at first blush, this seems like a very inappropriate symbol to use in speaking about God. It appears to be cold, fallow, empty and certainly impersonal, but I have three reasons for choosing this particular symbol. In the first place, the symbol is literally a construction of the 20th century. It was born in our time. Secondly, this symbol signifies to me the fact that there is wonder and mystery in the world, and that God, whatever else he is, or whoever else he is, is a creative power that is related to the very stuff of existence, the very energy of creation. But, thirdly, it symbolizes to me the greatest single intellectual achievement of modern man, namely, the theory of relativity. Where relativity has to do with the fact of relatedness, the sense even of interrelatedness or of interdependence, where one has to speak of man in relation to other men, where one has to speak finally of God in relation to man and man in relation to God. Now, the theory of relativity, of which this equation is one aspect, says, to put it simply, that one cannot speak of the spatial and temporal characteristics of an object of nature simply by looking at that object in, of, and by itself. One has to speak

$$E = mc^2$$

Mathematical Equation—Albert Einstein

of the place where an object is in relationship to other objects, even the whole system of other objects. Thus, there is an interdependence even within nature itself. But I would say that the fact of relativity is not confined to physical nature itself. For example, Freud in this century has shown that men and women are inescapably interdependent, interrelated, that men and women are fulfilled in part through each other, that each requires the other to be completed, and that we ignore this relationship only at our peril. Or, to broaden the notion beyond this, we refer to Marx. In the 19th century he criticized the capitalistic system on the ground that that system caused men to be divided among themselves, to be each other's enemies. Now suddenly this notion of interdependence and interrelatedness is part of the very essence of the Judaic-Christian tradition that we in Western culture, for the most part, concur in. Think, for example, of the parables such as the prodigal son, the good Samaritan, the ninety and nine. All of these indicate that we are members one of another, that we are bound

to each other, that we are to minister to each other simply because we are bound to each other, that we are interdependent, interrelated and that we are, in this sense, individuals, only in communities. Therefore, we see this notion of relativity applying not only to the relations between men and men and natural objects and natural objects, but we see that the principle of relativity has to do with the relatedness between man and God, between God and man. In this principle and in these parables, we see that God is concerned to persuade his creatures, all of his creatures, particularly men to elect themselves to God in love and in fellowship. Thus, this principle and these parables symbolize, to me at least, the very humanity of God himself.

DEAN BRAUER: Mr. Loomer has selected the equation from the 20th century in order to speak about God, because he wished to point to the fact that for him God is related, and you cannot understand man apart from God or God apart from man. Our final participant this afternoon is a Lutheran clergyman, Professor Joseph Sittler. Mr. Sittler, what particular symbol have you chosen in order to speak about God?

DR. SITTLER: I have listened with deep interest to what my colleagues have said, and I think I can look with some understanding upon the symbols they have chosen to permit them to speak about God. But I have been troubled, too, by what I have heard and I looked upon, because I saw no place in the symbols there clearly a human face. Therefore, for my symbol of God this afternoon I have chosen an engraving by a 16th century artist, Albrect Durer, called simply "The Head of Christ." I have chosen this face not because it images forth all the full scope of man's reflective contemplation of the absolute or because it tells us precisely how God is related to nature and to history, but because it is the best commentary I know on the text in the New Testament that we behold the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus. Now, the term, "the glory of God" points to the meaning that lurks behind possible statements about God and is capture none of them. The term "the glory of God" inclu what my colleague talked of as a relatedness tha disclosed in all the structures of nature and of tory. And what another colleague spoke of as God is involved in all the crippled things in world. Now we intuit this reality of God, or glimpse shadows of his being and power in th things, to be sure. But this picture tells us that only behold this glory when that glory becom man with a face. Now, if a man has to choose image which is a face, why choose this rather l rible one? Why not a smiling or assured or a tran or a happy and contented face? For two reas First of all, that kind of face would not do for G because God's truth, his love and mercy, is no soft kind of truth or a wavering love of an uncert mercy either. His love, truth, and mercy has got the penetration and all the relentlessness of this f that we see here. A nicer face would not do for on the other hand, because we are such people require a face like this, a face that fuses love a judgment. Without judgment we live like pigs like sheep; without love we cannot live at all. A that, too, as I ponder this face, I find here not o the image of what I know of God in the face Christ, but how I know what I know, because t is a broken face, and my knowledge of God is alwa broken, as is the face that he shows to me. Here have a face in which the most strong is presented the most weak, the ultimate in the defeated, most majestic in the most miserable, the ultim beauty in the heart of the ugly.

"The Head of Christ" by Albrect Durer

Finally, there is something else here too. T face has a relentless quality, the relentlessness the love of God, the relentlessness of his judgme something relentless, too, about his mercy. Precis in this 20th century it is this, I think, that we ha to behold, because we are a century that has tri to solve its problems by putting the problema people in gas chambers or in ovens. We are a centu in which we have dropped bombs on the pallid u turned faces of people in Berlin and in London a in Hiroshima. We are a people who have bu proudly arching super-highways over Chicag slums, where people throw babies out of flami windows in tenement houses. We are a people wh in this day, confront in the very air we breathe deep damnation, and, therefore, it seems to me, t ultimate look, as God looks to us, is a look like th

DEAN BRAUER: A Portrait of God. It is not ea to speak about God, but sensitive men will alwa have to speak about God. They will seek to sy bolize this; they will seek to make sense out of through equations, through drawings, through li and shadow, as well as through verbalizatio Wherever they seek to do it, they will be attempti to express what they mean by God, the creator, t judge, one who is involved in the very stuff of li one who is found in the humble, the suffering, a even in the proud, but above all, a God of relentle love and mercy. Perhaps this is a kind of portra of God that we must seek to understand when w talk about religion facing the atomic age.

e Struggle Is Between Ethnic Ideals
l Universal Usefulness

Colonialism and Christian Art

By Peter Fingesten

URING the last few decades a great effort has been made on the part of missionaries who h among nonwhite peoples to disassociate the of Christ from his traditional representations rt as a white westerner. Africans, we are told, more sympathetic towards Christianity if ist, the apostles, and other New Testament res are presented to them as natives in native o. The same applies to Indians, Chinese and er races among whom Christian missionary ac- ties are strong.

Non-Europeans have learned to "see" Christ in guise of a tall white man with blond hair, rded, haloed, and dressed in a long toga, or ic. Upon this traditional image has recently n grafted the unfortunate association of colo- lism. Anything "white" is being shunned and ny nonwhite Christians feel today that a white rist would not "speak to them" as a colored one uld. To meet this objection some missionaries e encouraged native artists to create a sacred more in keeping with the ethnic and craft als of their respective parishioners. This prob- is particularly acute in those countries where ropean missionaries are looked upon with sus- ion, or persecuted.

There are several problems connected with this elopment. Should one encourage the represen- ion of Christ and other sacred figures as natives, d is it in keeping with the traditional Protestant sition toward art in the church?

The first question one ought to raise is whether e traditional image of Christ is that of a white sterner. We do not know, of course, the physical untenance of Christ, nor of Mary or the apostles. e manner in which they have been represented s varied greatly throughout the ages. The rugged ength of an early Gothic saint evokes a different eling than an elegant Renaissance painting of the me saint. The first representations of Christ are the fourth century A.D., and the first cruci- ions of about the fifth century. In the famous rcophagus of Junius Bassus (fourth century) Christ is seen as a charming young man without a beard. He sits serenely upon a throne, flanked by two disciples. He would be unrecognizable as Christ to anyone today familiar only with the later traditional representations. The first crucifixions show him as a stocky, athletic young man whose head is held up proudly and who seems the victor over the cross. He does not have as yet the typical beard, mustache, or parted hair, nor does he give any evidence of suffering.

Oriental Influence

Only later, during the Byzantine period, did the now familiar image of the bearded Christ emerge. Ironically enough, what has been accepted as the typical western image of Christ is an oriental image. It was coined in the eastern provinces of the Byzantine Empire by artists of various eastern backgrounds, such as Armenian, Syrian and Persian. The long, parted hair, mustache and chin beard are Persian conventions. So is the halo. As a matter of fact, the same forces that produced our image of Christ as an oriental have given rise to the image of Buddha. It is well-known that the first Buddha images of the Gandhara school in northern India resemble our representations of Christ in several respects. Except for those carvings which show Buddha in the yoga position, he is shown standing in the same long toga, with the same halo and the same mustache. But no Hindu or Chinese Buddhist would object that the first stone images of Buddhism are of foreign origin.

Although the Romanesque and Gothic artists developed their imagery of Christ to suit the awakening consciousness of the peoples above the Alps, they retained the oriental features. He became more dignified and humane, even beautiful, as at Amiens. Soon the same parted hair, mustache and chin beard was translated into light hair in the paintings of several Flemish and Italian Renaissance masters. Since that period the typical image of Christ has changed little. The Italian artists presented him, perhaps, too saccharine, but essentially we have become familiar with an image that originated in the Byzantine Empire and is definitely not that of a white European.

Aside from the fact that a white western Christ does not exist in Christian art, what is the Prot-

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estant position towards figurative representations of Christ? The only reason Luther and Calvin objected to sacred art is not that they did not understand or like art, but because it seduced the people away from the true spiritual reality they hoped to bring to their consciousness again. Luther was an intimate friend of the painter Lucas Cranach, who also portrayed him on several occasions. Luther objected to art in the church because the people mistook the image for the reality itself. He never criticized art as such, but discouraged pomp, luxury, and excesses such as healing, crying, or miraculous images. Calvin supported art as long as it represented that which can be seen with the eye. In other words, he separated the majesty of God "which is too exalted for human sight" from those forms that can be seen in nature and are therefore "lawful" to represent.

Abstraction and Symbol

The Protestant position towards art includes neither the extremes of iconoclasm, nor that of idolatry, but steers in between these extremes. It exalts the ministry of music precisely because it is abstract by nature, and aids in the spiritual preparation of the worshiper without any of the dangers of a too sensual imagery. Yet Protestant churches, except in some denominations, are decorated, contain altar screens, altar crosses, stained glass windows, and so forth. Protestantism solved the problems of art in the church with its emphasis upon music and symbolism. It is beyond the power of anthropomorphic art to represent the crucial issues of Christ's teachings—for how would one show love, compassion, purity of heart, and other spiritual concepts except in an illustrative, anecdotal manner. That, however, is never the concept itself. At best it is a compromise between lack of imagination and lack of taste with a too literal understanding of the spiritual concepts of the gospels.

The Solution

The solution to this problem, as has been long since recognized, lies in the realm of symbolism. An anthropomorphous image, whether white, yellow or black, does not have the same universality an abstract symbol has. The cross is a cross everywhere. It is neither the property of the white nor of the colored races, but is universal. A symbol, by definition, stands for something else than itself, but what does a black Christ or a Chinese madonna stand for?

Native Christian art is prone to the same dangers as European sacred art, as the experience of medieval art has proven. How soon will the yellow or black Christs become saccharine, and how long before certain images become the focus of idolatry, and therefore magic? Rather than a bewildering and divisive confusion of ethnic ideals, it is in the interest of the universality of the Christian teaching to represent it (if it must be represented) in universal symbols and thus lead nonwhite Christians to a truth which belongs to all times and to all races.

Pastoral Prayer

OUR Father God, we are so buy thinking abo ourselves; help us turn now to thee in quie ness and confidence.

How easily we forget thy goodness to us as compliment ourselves on our own intelligence. He us to pray: "Thine is the glory . . ."

How readily we feed our own desires, sacrifici time and energy to satisfy the whims of selfishne Help us to pray: "Thy will be done . . ."

How eager we are to be well thought of, to popular, to be approved of for our own goodne Help us to pray: "Hallowed be *thy* name . . ."

How expectant we become at each new sche for men to live together in peace; how anxious are to pat ourselves on the back. Help us to pra "*Thy* kingdom come . . ."

How desperately we need forgiveness and ho slow we are to forgive! Help us to remember Th wilt forgive us our debts only as *we* forgive o debtors . . .

How proud we are of the production of our indu try and our farms; yet we know it is *Thou* w givest our daily bread.

How confident we are of our own strength—y in deep-searching honesty we know we must pra "Lead us not into *temptation* . . ."

O Father hear us, for we pray from humble hear in the words and spirit of Jesus Christ our Lor *Amen.—Lawrence L. Gruman, First Congregation Church, Fairport, New York.*

Prayer

WHEN the skies are overcast and the road long, and our hearts are lonely, we turn thee, O light that never fails. We believe in the help thou our unbelief. We love thee, yet not wit the complete devotion we should show. We long f thee, yet not with our whole mind. We come pra ing that thou wilt help us to become what we shoul be. We bring the burdens of our hearts and of tho throughout the world who are in need of help.

Bless all who face problems of worry, sorrow, an discouragement, all who may be sick, lonely, afraid. When we walk through dark hours, give u faith to believe in the future and courage to ove come our obstacles. Save us from becoming slav of our past mistakes. Teach us rather to rise abov our failures, to firmer character and new achiev ment. Help us to think clearly, to remain cheerfu and to work heroically.

Look in mercy upon mankind. Whenever there suffering or strife, grant thy comfort and thy hop Through the faith and good will that we revea may there dawn a new day of brotherhood. Mak us one with all thy seekers and finders, that we ma be one with those who triumph over doubt and de spair, living and moving in thy eternal love. *Amen Robert M. Bartlett, First Congregational Church Shrewsbury, Massachusetts.*

Hostile Reaction to New Interpretations Bodes Ill for the Christian Church

That Sculpture by Epstein

By James G. Gorwill

FOR the past week or so a fuss has been made about a sculptured figure of Christ by Jacob Epstein. It is proposed to bring this piece of art to Vancouver and the proposal has stirred a heated discussion about good taste in art forms and particularly about the aesthetics of this sculpture of Christ of the crown of thorns. Church people like peace; at least they don't appreciate controversy which centers in their conception of the person of Christ. It says something about the church if controversy does not summon it to clarify thinking about the matters at issue. It may say something about us all that we can get exercized about the shape of a nose or the height of the cheek bones on a stone monument more than the deep tides that run in the spirit of the Son of Man.

The sculpture pictured in our papers was created by Epstein years ago in Britain and it caused a great disturbance at that time. It is one of several figures portraying the Christ created by this New York-born Polish Jew who has become a most controversial figure in the world of art. Some of his other creations may have stirred less resentment being less massive and more conventional in design. I am not qualified to say anything about his workmanship or artistic concepts. It does seem natural, however, that a Jew should give his figure of Christ some special quality which may seem strange to the Western eye. It seems necessary that men of other races than ours should bring out of the personality of Christ the elements that appeal to them. How can you hope to inhibit any man's interpretation of Christ after he has read the gospel records?

Back about 1935 Epstein found in a stone yard an enormous block of marble about to be sliced up for some interior decoration job. It was a noble mass of rock. He could not bear to see it "butchered." He rescued it and set to work to create his sculpture. He found it to be the "toughest, most difficult piece of stone" he had ever tackled. His tools broke on it and only after he had visited many tool makers did he finally secure a point strong enough to make an impression on the marble. He says, "I wished to make an *Ecce Homo*, a symbol of man, bound, crowned with thorns and facing, with a relentless and overmastering gaze of pity and prescience our unhappy world."[1] This great mass, even in its untouched state, seemed to suggest a figure of our Lord. Too tragically often the Christian church has scaled down the figure of its Lord to pathetically small proportions. Epstein saw him as a dominant factor in the history of our race.

Each of us has a right to our own opinion of the artist's work. The most I would try to say now would be that Christian groups should be able to examine this work in a spirit free of bitterness. It bodes ill for the Christian church if we react in hostility against attempts from any quarter to interpret the spirit of Jesus.

Antipathy and Friendship

Jesus of Galilee stirred both antipathy and friendship among those who knew him during his working days. Controversy centered in his person and message were his daily meat and he seems to have expected men to be drawn to him or estranged from him. A man's judgment in things of the spirit follows no known law; it is a matter of the wind blowing "where it listeth." On his first appearance in Nazareth after his baptism he became the focus of a riot beginning in the synagogue and flowing out into the streets. The story of that incident ends in these words:

> And they rose up and put him out of the city and led him to the brow of the hill on which their city was built, that they might throw him down headlong.

On other occasions he found himself confronting forces that required skillful maneuvering and an iron will to have him from failure in his mission, as when Herod would have taken him, whose conscience had been set jangling by John the Baptist and who saw in Jesus John come to life again. Jesus' answer was to pass through Herod's bailiwick, calling him "that fox," out-foxing the wily tyrant, going on to the climax of his ministry in Jerusalem.

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[1]Jacob Epstein, *Let There Be Sculpture* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1940).

His daring handling of Scripture panicked the traditionalists of the day. "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time—but I say unto you." One wonders whether many of us in the modern church have yet understood what is implied for biblical interpretation in wide-swinging statements like those in the Sermon on the Mount.

Sometimes "the common people heard him gladly" but when they saw what his deep intention was, they left him. And their departure became such a rout, he feared even for the twelve.

Is it too much to assume that there was something massive and overwhelming in this carpenter that made people hate his words and his person, as in the end, Judas came to do—or love him with the fixed passion of Peter?

A Chance to Underscore

The clamor being stirred up about a statue in stone may give us a chance to underscore some lines in the character of the man of flesh and blood as he was known to his disciples. I do not fear what any sculpture may do to our conception of Christ; I only fear that we may content ourselves with less than a rounded picture of what the Man of Nazareth was like. Our figures in stained glass and in oils, and in stone, have often portrayed Jesus in emasculated form—the fire gone from his eyes, the acid and pleading from his tongue, the courage and purpose from his spirit. As Swinburne is reported to have said once about some artist or some preacher, so it might be said of many popular portraits of Christ: "For tender minds he served up half a Christ."

Nobody was ever able to get our Lord in his pocket. He refused to become the instrument of any interest or party. The Pharisees would gladly have cut him down to their specifications. The disciples had their own notions of what he should do and be and his family tried to limit his freedom. Once, thinking of the oddly assorted twelve men about him perhaps as much as of his own family, he cried out, "A man's foes will be those of his own household."

I remember reading a sermon years ago by Frederick Norwood on "The Gospel According to His Enemies." The whole point of that sermon lay in Norwood's claim that, in the heat of controversy with him Jesus' enemies said things about him that revealed sharply what he was. "A gluttonous man and a wine-bibber." In the exaggerated words of that caricature, you see lineaments in our Lord's countenance that most of his own folk miss—his joy, his glad acceptance of joviality and good fun. "A friend of publicans and sinners!" See what that word uttered against him by the Pharisees reveals about him—his back turned towards them in their proud aloofness and towards those who had experienced rejection and contumely like his own.

Remember his story about the ruler's feast? The invited guests, those in the upper brackets, declined to accept the invitation given. So the highways and hedges were combed and the off-scourings of the city came. In harsher words Jesus said, "Even the harlots enter the Kingdom before you."

Some of the strength, some of the purple touche in the biography of Jesus in the Gospels come fro those who feared him. We owe them a debt gratitude.

Jesus' Adversaries Knew His Strength

But if the enemy outside clearly saw the kee point of the message, the friend inside as ofte missed it. Can anybody reading the Gospel of Luk ever forget the scene where a Samaritan villag refused shelter to Jesus because he was journeyin to Jerusalem? The disciples would have take emergency action, matching Samaritan antipath to Jews with Jewish rigor against Samaritans an going them one better. They would have use Jesus' standing with the Father to call down fi from heaven upon the inhospitable people. Ho wide was the gulf between that proposal and th spirit of the Master! His words were few. The often were! "You know what manner of spirit yo are of."

Incidents like that rise and multiply in the min but the point is simple. His adversaries knew th sharp thrust of his teaching because it was *agains* them and they had to meet it. His friends were no always so challenged. Sometimes in his lifetim the outsider knew Jesus better than the insider.

"I am come to cast fire on the earth; and would that it were already kindled!" Does our Lord no mean that he welcomed the tumult set up in th hearts of men by his coming? The very buffeting in men's hearts between love for him and hatre of him was a judgment of God, a purging action.

May it not be that the same is true still? Whe Epstein brought forth a statue of the risen Chris —not the Christ of the crown of thorns which ma come here but the risen Christ, pointing accusingl at the nail-prints in his hands, looking out at a comers as if to ask, "Why?" he met savage criti- cism. The figure had the appearance of "an Asiatic- American or a Hun" (this from a priest). Jesus should have been portrayed with a beard, some- body claimed, as if Christ must be "dated." Let us hear what the sculptor said:

> The traditional Christ in art harps on one element alone to the exclusion of all others. Sweetness and meekness are certainly present in that personality, but it is far more complex. The Gospels clearly show that there was intellect and power and a sense of justice as well. . . . The conventional Christ in art is not the leader who could have inspired the Apostles to leave all to follow Him. He could never have thrown the money-changers out of the temple. I have tried to indicate in my statue of Christ what I found in the Gospels.[2]

Recently a group of people sat until after midnight talking about the furor over Epstein; the party divided down the middle, pro and con. Some thought it was a pity to upset people as they had been these last few days, to challenge any preconceptions about the personality of Jesus whether rooted in the New Testament or simply in some artist's work. At last one woman in the party said, "I have just one question: How many of us, in the past ten years have once before sat and talked

[2]Jacob Epstein, *The Sculpture Speaks* (London: William Heinemann, Ltd., 1931).

but Jesus or any other aspect of our faith as we have tonight?" Probing usually leads to discovery, as fire does to purging. A sound faith is strengthened after it is challenged, its roots driven deeper by being buffeted.

It should be remembered that Epstein was doing figures of our Lord in the period between the wars—after so-called "Christian" Europe had recrucified its Lord in the awful carnage of 1914-18. The artist was trying to accuse and reproach civilization for its return to barbarism. One English Christian said at the time that his works on Christ reveal a Lord "before all things powerful," God's alternative to man's destructive blindness and brutality.

No minister need trouble himself to defend the artist; the artist can make his own defense in his own terms. But the sweet portrayals of Jesus which we set up before our children do no justice to the powerful, conquering, loving spirit of One who came to bring life into the kingdom of death. I am concerned that we think again and afresh about our Lord, trying to answer for our time the great question, "What manner of man is this?" Some lines will be drawn into his visage that are not often seen there. Maybe we will hear him say once more, "I am come to cast fire on the earth; and would that it were kindled!"

Christ As a Jew

I am sure that some of the antipathies stirred by these portraits go back to an objection to Christ's *Jewishness*, and to the primitive, peasant qualities in Epstein's work. One poor soul called me this week to say that she objected most to the shape of the figure's nose. More than one has objected to the brutality of this sculpture. Let us remember how brutal the crown of thorns and the cross were. Have we not often domesticated the cross in our parlors, brought indoors into polite company that awesome instrument of revenge and rejection which could not be tolerated within the gates of Jerusalem? Are we forgetting the great lines in Isaiah 53 which our fathers rightly took to reflect the real heart of the purpose of our Lord?

> He hath no form or comeliness . . . he is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief: and we hid our faces from him.

It will do us nothing but good always to be reminded that Jesus was not of our race, nor of any master race, but a Jew. Out of the matrix of this great little people of God, God's Son was born. That has often been taken as a "scandal," a count against Christianity, but there it is. Out of "one of the least of the cities of Jewry" Christ came.

> How odd of God
> to choose
> the Jews

But God chose them. Is it not most likely that God chose them *because* they were small, *because* they were a subject race, *because* they had so little to hope for in a world where great forces lunge and trample and destroy?

But Jesus chose them as his field of work. Them alone! The invitation to go beyond his little homeland, to the Roman world, he looked upon as an enticement of the devil. To the Jews he came, "to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." And with them he stayed though they rejected him, at the last pouring his life to save them from the rancor and hatred that beset them with futility and led them to national oblivion within a generation of the Crucifixion. If he has ever had any gospel for us, it is because that gospel was first for them.

One of the greatest nations of the Christian west has been brought low because it sought to extirpate the Jews. To attempt to do so again would be an unbelievable folly. But that folly is only one among many possible racial follies.

A Roman Catholic priest, when one of these creations was first unveiled, said he felt ready to cry out with indignation that there should be exhibited the figure of a Christ who suggested "some degraded Chaldean or African—(some) Asiatic-American or Hun . . . some emaciated Hindu or badly grown Egyptian."[3]

If any portrait well or badly executed can make us examine into the evil roots of such prideful statements, it will have served a saving purpose in an age too explosive for such sentiments to find expression. It is terrifying to think how far from the Christian movement many suffering peoples have been driven in our day, how little we think of them as "the lost sheep" to whom Christ is given. It is more disturbing to think how far we may be from the blazing orbit of Christ's coming in our time because we stand removed from the "Africans, the Asiatic-Americans, the emaciated Hindus and the badly-grown Egyptians." The *first* duty of the Christian is to see that no limit is put upon compassion toward "the least, the last and the lost" of the world.

My plea is *not* to make room for Epstein in Vancouver. That is a question of the budgeting of public monies, of the planning of streets and parks —an artistic question, too. My concern is that we turn again to the New Testament to *learn* Christ, to see him as the many-faceted Lord he has always been, to let his words, some gentle and some thunderous, have their way with us, to commit ourselves to his discipleship and to pray that no bitterness and no prejudice, no love of ease or comfort may ever lead anybody to say of this church that "For tender minds (they) served up half a Christ."

Repeatedly, while writing this sermon, I was called away to the phone to hear some troubled person protest against what Epstein had done to "our Christ." "Our Christ!" Not a bit of it. Surely he is yet what he has been from the beginning, *God's Christ!* God's agent in the troubled field of human sin and failure. He calls us to receive him, to follow him, to obey him. Often his folk fail to accord him his rightful place in their lives or their time. That is because we do not see him in the long perspective of eternity. But he remains Lord. William Temple said something like this long ago: "He reigns! Whether we obey Him or not, He reigns! Because God reigns, Christ reigns!"

[3] *Ibid.*

God Is Not Lost—
He Is Waiting to Come to Us

O Come, Let Us Worship

By David B. Watermulder

I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up.—Isaiah 6:1.

A FEW months ago I spent an evening with some members of our church, and soon we were talking about worship. An older person mentioned how much it meant to her to attend church each Sunday and come into the presence of God. A young man took exception to what she said. "I don't see that it makes so much difference," he said. "I come for the sermon, and the rest of the service is merely the trimming." Our conversation ended an hour later with a young mother saying, "You ought to preach a sermon about worship, and help us see how much it can mean to all of us." Hence this sermon.

Many of us share in the confusion of those young people regarding worship. For some, this sacred hour means more than any other hour in the week. For others it is habit. For all, perhaps, it means that we are seeking something, even when we are not aware of it. We would like for this hour to be a high and holy experience where we actually come into the presence of God, but somehow it eludes us.

Even before the pslamist prayed, "O come, let us worship," mankind sought the assurance of God's presence and care. Sometimes he has used crude and superstitious means to find it, but always he has sought it. "Our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee," affirmed Augustine, and in our innermost heart we know he is right. We need God because we were made for God; we are incomplete without him.

How can we come close to God? How can these earth-formed tools of prayer and hymn bring heaven-sent blessings to us? We are like a person reaching for the sky, yet unable to hold it in our arms. We have eternity in our hearts, but time is in our hands, and the two refuse to blend.

We need only attend a few different churches to know that worship takes on many forms of expression. Some are good. Some are bad. Some are people-centered that they never get beyond what the people are. All of them intend to bring us in God's presence, and the test of any hour of worship should be whether or not that actually happens. While many forms may be used to express our worship of God, there are a few tested principles which usually are present if we come close to God.

We find those principles graphically pictured in the experience of Isaiah in the temple. We read about it this morning in the sixth chapter of his book. "I saw the Lord, high and lifted up!" he exclaims as he tells of his experience in the temple. It must have been a strange experience for Isaiah. So lofty, in fact, that the very words he uses betray human inadequacy to tell about it, and he clothes the experience in symbolic pictures. So it must be always. True worship is a high art, which defies description, just as a beautiful friendship defies explanation with human words. Let us examine this experience of Isaiah, an experience repeated every week by millions of devout souls, so we can say "O come, let us worship."

I

The first experience in worship is the *upward look,* away from ourselves. When Isaiah entered the temple in its quiet dignity and peace, he "saw the Lord, high and lifted up."

In fact, his words tumble over one another in trying to describe that experience. Listen to what he says: "I saw the Lord, high and lifted up . . . his train filled the temple . . . above it stood the seraphim . . . praising God and saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory' . . . and the house was filled with smoke." Those are poetical words, words of rapture where the soul soars into the mystical world of the spirit.

Do you see what has happened? The man has stopped thinking of himself and started praising God. He has fastened his thought on something beside himself. It is not an "emotional jag." It is not introspection or self-analysis. It is not like the skeptic who entered the church in a defiant mood and prayed, "O God, if there is a God, save my soul, if I have a soul."

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n our lifetime psychology has begun to come
o its own. Like anything new, no matter how
d it is, we are likely to carry it to extremes. We
e heard a great deal about how religion is in us,
y if we think hard enough we can develop tech-
ues to have faith in faith and peace of mind.
e more we analyze ourselves, the more we think
are manufacturing our own little god who will
something for us. But we have started back-
rds. True religion puts God first and ourselves
ond. God is not a new gimmick by which we get
psychological tune-up. God is Lord, Creator,
dge. Before him we bow in adoration and praise.
saw the Lord, high and lifted up," gasped Isaiah
he beheld the majesty of God.

This is what the devout soul should experience
ry Sunday in this church. Look at our morning
rship and see how it duplicates the prophet's
ne-tingling experience. After reverently bowing
prayer upon entering the sanctuary, our first act
worship together is to sing a hymn. Have you
ticed what kind of a hymn it is? Not just any
mn. Not just a melodic tune. It is a hymn of
ise to God. A hymn where we get our minds off
rselves and turn to God. A hymn with the up-
rd look.

Today's first hymn, for example, forms its words
m the very experience of Isaiah when he heard
e seraphim singing, "Holy, holy, holy." You see,
r hymns are not some strange ceremony; they
e prayer set to music. They are vital only as their
rds become our thoughts, their music becomes
r mood. And always, the first hymn should lift
out of ourselves into God's presence, until we see
he Lord, high and lifted up." Our service opens
th praise, and returns to praise in the Gloria,
oxology, and anthem. Wherever it comes, it is
ere to get our minds off ourselves, until we give
urselves completely to God. When praise means
tal forgetfulness of self in the presence of God,
en we have joined the saints in heaven and earth
a high and holy experience.

II

The upward look is not the end of the experience.
nce we have looked upward to God, we are forced
peer *inward* at ourselves. That always happens.
hen we see God, we soon see ourselves. That hap-
ened to Isaiah. He did not see himself as a virtu-
us, pious man who was close to God. Against the
azing white light of God's eternity, he saw him-
lf as the imperfect, sinful man that he was. "Woe
me, for I am undone!" he cried, "for I am a man
unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people
unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the king,
e Lord of hosts."

That is why, as our morning worship proceeds,
e engage in an act of confession. What is more
atural? We have praised God and beheld him in
is glory. Who are we to presume upon his pres-
nce? Who are we to assume we can have an audi-
nce with the King of Kings? In the presence of his
oliness, we feel our smallness. We see ourselves in
ur true light. The more virtuous we are, the more
e see how subtle our sins of pride and achievement
can be. And so we humbly confess our sins: "Thou alone knowest how often we have sinned, in wandering from thy ways, in wasting thy gifts, in forgetting thy love."

The prayer of confession in the Protestant service is nothing new. Often we have included it in our prayer of invocation, when we ask God's blessing upon us. But the fact that every service should contain a general confession for our sins is as old as Protestantism, as old as Isaiah. John Calvin, whose service was highly liturgical, began with a Call to Confession, a Prayer of Confession, Words of Absolution, and included the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed. There is a humility in confessing our sins which lifts us up, a sense of proportion which puts us in our place as God's children, seeking his grace. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, we are assured of God's pardon, and once more we know that there is forgiveness with God.

And as we return, week after week, with multitudes of Christians around the world, we see who we are and what we are, because we have sat in the presence of the Most High. We have geared our sights to his, and we have received pardon for the past, bringing with it hope for the future. But we dare not look inward at ourselves until we have looked upward to God.

III

One more step completes Isaiah's experience, and it completes ours, too. After looking upward and inward, he bids us look *outward*. Remember what happened to Isaiah? When he felt his sin was pardoned, he heard a voice say to him, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for me?" Then said Isaiah, "Here am I, send me."

We Americans are called "activists." We are always ready to do something. We are forever at it, whatever it is. We even become confused about the Christian life. We put so much stress on practical good works that we forget the God who calls us to do them. Hence we hear people say, "Well, he never goes to church, but he's a good man, doing good deeds."

Sometimes we do not quite know what we are busy about. But as we come before God, see him in his glory and then see ourselves in contrast, we find what he wants us to do, where he wants to use us, how he wants to put our lives to work. But that outward expression comes after inward examination.

Our service of worship brings us to this experience. After praise and confession there comes instruction and meditation. Here is the Word of God: what does he have to say to me today? Here is the sermon: is there some truth which is meant for me? Here is the closing hymn where I dedicate myself once more to God. I leave the house of God, but my worship continues to express itself in my life.

IV

O, come let us worship! How great is this hour! Much greater than simply an exercise of passing around ideas and sharing in moods! From prelude to postlude, as we sit with God's children in God's house on God's day, we enter into the holy of holies.

The first act is to empty ourselves and let God come in: the *upward look*, expressed in the opening hymn of praise, in anthem, in Gloria and Doxology. The second act is to be cleansed and refreshed: the *inward look*, as we confess our sins, receive the assurance of God's pardon, and know that God wants us. The third act is to become equipped for life: the *outward look*, as we hear his call, heed his voice.

The three hymns do it, too. The first ("Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty") looks up to God in praise; the second ("Dear Lord and Father of Mankind") looks in to self in examination; the third ("Lead On, O King Eternal") looks out to life as we step into it as God's child. John Calvin put hymns into worship because he said people can better sing their prayers than they can read them. And that is what a hymn should be—our prayer of praise, our prayer of examination, our prayer of dedication. Indeed, the entire service from beginning to end is but prayer expressed through these different instruments of music and word and offering. We lift our voice to God and he answers us through Scripture, sermon and blessing.

My mind goes back to those friends with whom I discussed the meaning of worship. "We should be more aware of what we are trying to do and what's awaiting us," they said. And I recall a service I attended last summer while on vacation. You have no idea what a treat it is for a minister to go into a church and sit in a pew simply to worship. It is a rare event. I didn't go to hear a great sermon although I would have been most grateful if I had heard it. I went there to worship God, to be with his people on his day, to confess my sins and seek assurance that he was with me.

What happened was a betrayal of our heritage and our faith. The hymns were romantic, sentimental ballads which centered on my moods and never got up to God. The prayer was a rambling monologue; little was asked of God. The sermon was a frantic attempt to exchange the ideas which any man might have: there was "no word from the Lord." Nothing sublime—only a good exchange of human ideas and moods. Nothing lifted me beyond the service itself until the benediction came. Then the minister asked that the blessings of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit be upon us, and I said to myself, "At last, there has been contact beyond me to the spirit of God."

Worship, you see, is not man-to-man. It is man-to-God, and God-to-man. What happens to us, and the way that we feel as we worship, is not nearly so important as the fact that we have worshiped God, gathered with his other children as he asked, and honored him with the praise due unto his name.

O come, let us worship: not ourselves, certainly. O come, let us worship: not even our noblest expressions of searching for God. We are not here for that. We do not need to search for God. He is not lost. He is waiting to come into our lives if we simply open them to him.

O come, let us worship! For he is our Maker and we are his people. O come, let us worship! Surely it is our first obligation to our God. And as we do it each Sunday, beholding him in all his glory, confessing our sins, and dedicating ourselves to him, we may be sure that the peace, pardon, and power we need will be ours. *O come, let us worship!*

A Final Communion

By Graham R. Hodges

Emmanuel Congregational Church
Watertown, New York

HIS wife called late Tuesday afternoon. When I arrived he was breathing heavily, though s informed me he had been given a quieting drug t hours before.

She was Roman Catholic and so was her son, teacher, home now for a week on leave from h duties. Her husband, she said, between sobs, was fine man, never said a bad thing about anybod and did all he could for her. She had tried to co vert him but without success. He never went to h own church (Lutheran) because he did not wa to go alone.

He was conscious enough to talk with me. Whi his wife and son went out I asked him if he wante to talk with me. He said yes. He realized how sic he was, and with what. He said he was at peac with God. We prayed together.

When the other two returned I said we woul have communion together if they wished. After moment's hesitation, she said: "I don't see wh not. He is my husband and I love him. We've bee together forty years and never had communio together. It's right we should, I feel."

As I opened my little black communion case th son hung back, leaning uncomfortably against th door. "Come on, son, it's all right. Father, you te us what to do." The son came over and we sat dow beside the bed.

I gave the invitation and repeated, "The Lor Jesus, the same night in which he was be trayed. . . ."

I passed the bread, helping the father's hand t his mouth. Together we took the element.

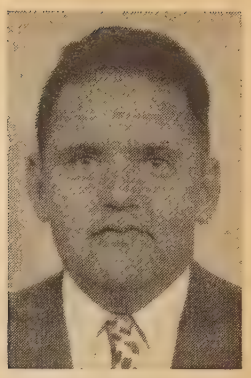
When he failed to receive the cup easily she said "Burt, be careful, it's the communion."

Afterwards we repeated The Lord's Prayer to gether. I noticed they all used "For thine is the kingdom . . ." showing that it was more important to be one with their husband and father than it was to be strict about form.

The old man, eighty-one, seemed at peace afterward. He died the next night.

This was the first and final communion together for them. She seemed so pleased about it. She cannot tell her priest, yet I know she feels so right inside about those few sacred minutes. The sacred act —the sacra-ment—done together in love will stay with her during the few years she might have left.

Four small glasses. Three churches—Congregational, Lutheran, and Roman Catholic. At least two and perhaps three meanings to the act. But the feeling, one Lord, one Christ. One Church.



Christ in a Crew Cut

By Ernest S. Heeren

WHAT picture of Jesus of Nazareth do you carry embedded in your mind? What image the man whom we call Christ is engraved in r heart? What did he look like? Was he tall or he short? Do you see the picture of a square-uldered, stalwart carpenter or do you think of as being slim and lean, almost emaciated as e many of the first century Palestinians? Were eyes a steel-like blue or were they the deep wn of compassion and love? Each one of us has own picture of Jesus and yet we share a com-n stereotype. We see a man who lived some two usand years ago in a land that was oriental in culture. He was tall and slim and he wore his r long, down on his shoulders. His garment is ays a white seamless robe. Perhaps he wore dals and perhaps he walked barefoot. Perhaps boasted the high cheekbones and the broad e of the Hebrew, and perhaps he did not. But recognize Jesus, the man of God, as one who et aside from his fellows. This is a very beautiful a moving picture—but it is also a safe one. For know as we walk the streets of our city, drink-from our cups of pride, wallowing deep in the s of our prejudice, fanning our flames of ambi-n and our dreams of success—we know that we ll never meet anyone who looks like that.

But there is a church in New York that has a ferent picture of Jesus. This church had built a w sanctuary. They thought that it would be propriate if above the altar they could have inted a picture of Jesus which would inspire the rning congregation. In their congregation there s a brilliant young artist who was commissioned do the painting. He was happy to accept this sponsibility but he insisted that no one see the cture until the day of dedication.

You can well imagine the excitement and the ide as the day of dedication finally dawned. It s truly a beautiful church. The pews were filled the minister prepared to unveil the picture of sus. Finally, the curtain was drawn back and ere was the portrait of Jesus! But a gasp of surprise and almost of horror arose from the congregation. This was a Jesus they had never seen. The white robe was gone and had been replaced by a modern business suit. The beard had been shaven from his face and the long hair had disappeared. To the horror of the people this Jesus was a Jesus in a crew cut!

Sacrilege! So they thought at first. But as the weeks became months, something began to happen to that church. It was intangible but very real. A spiritual quality became alive. The breath of God had touched the life of this congregation. Study groups were organized. Prayer cells multiplied. Spiritual vigor became apparent. In talking about it at their annual meeting the people decided that it was the picture—a Christ who lived among them and looked them in the eye.

"Christ in Jeans"

A few weeks ago *Time* magazine told the story of a new Passion play that had been presented on TV in England during this past Lenten season. But it was a different kind of Lenten play. Listen to the words of *Time:*

> Christ is a young man with an Elvis Presley haircut, scuffed loafers and worn jeans. The Virgin Mary, plump and nondescript, was the British version of anybody's mum. Pontius Pilate was suave and courteously detached in a well-pressed lounge suit, nonchalantly lighted a cigarette after he signed Christ's death warrant. The Roman soldiers were simple types in British battle dress.
>
> The familiar succession of events came painfully alive in the mimed drama. Jesus wiping the blood from his face, writhing under the lash, stumbling beneath the weight of his cross, sweating with the pain of the nails, looked disconcertingly human. In all this abrasive immediacy, the mystery of God incarnate was largely lost, but the gain in impact was obviously a revelation to viewers.*

Now tell me, do you think that such a play would be irreverent and lacking of spiritual dignity? Do you believe that a picture of Jesus in a crew cut borders on the sacrilegious or the blasphemous? Why? Why should it offend our spiritual sensibilities to think of Jesus in a modern crew cut? Or let us turn the question around. Why was it that Jesus wore his hair long, over his shoulders? Why do we think of him with a beard? Was it because God in his infinite glory decreed that his son must appear in this guise? Or was it because

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*Time Magazine, "Christ in Jeans," April 14, 1958. Used by permission.

this was the hair style of people who lived in Palestine two thousand years ago and Jesus was one of them? The answer to this question is of course very obvious. Not only is it not sacrilegious to think of Jesus in modern dress but it is our obligation to think of him in terms of our own culture and our own customs.

Indeed, many people who are shocked at the picture of Jesus in a crew cut are guilty of a deeper and a more fundamental blasphemy. For they think of Jesus only as a man who lived in far-off Galilee some two thousand years ago. They hang this picture on the walls of their living rooms to gain an aura of piety. They wear this image in lockets around their necks as evidence that they are Christians. They are proud to see him etched on the stained glass windows of their churches. But for all practical purposes they have placed Christ on the shelf along with Grandmother's cameo.

Our task is to make Christ and his teachings live. But how loath we are to do it. Let me take a simple illustration out of our own experience. On the third Sunday of February in the year 1957 I preached a "brotherhood" sermon. It was a very nice sermon; I spoke in terms of love and friendship; I held up the Golden Rule as a way of life. I reminded us that if God is our Father then all men are our brothers. This sermon was very warmly received. A few eyes glistened with misty tears. I was told that this was a fine and a moving service. But this year we celebrated Brotherhood Sunday in a different fashion. We invited one of the great clergymen of our denomination to take our pulpit. He was a man whose gentle testimony touched the hearts of all who heard him. He also happens to be a Negro. It was a simple and a lukewarm demonstration of what we all profess to believe. But in a very literal sense all hell broke loose in our community. There were threatening phone calls. People from other churches challenged our right to upset the equanimity of a community saturated with fear. Some people became physically ill. And our congregation had a strengthening experience.

And so it is with this man whom we call Jesus. Dress him in his white robe; look at him in his full beard and his long hair and we can worship his name and call him Lord. Paint him as he stands by the Sea of Galilee and he reassures us. But strip him of his white robe and dress him in a modern suit. Shave his beard from his face and give him a crew cut. Put him in the rear pew of this church—and then see what he does to our church!

A Christlike Person

Who is the most Christlike person you have ever known? Each one of us cherishes the picture of some person who embodies the Christlike spirit to some degree. I think of a man I knew in college and in the theological seminary. He is now the minister of a large church in the east. I have not seen him in many years but I hope and pray that he has lost none of the spiritual luster which gave to his life the dynamic faith that is reminiscent of the Galilean Jesus. Now I do not wish to be misunderstood. When I say that this man was Christlike I do not suggest that he embodied perfecti or that he was one set apart by an otherworld piety. As a matter of fact, in his youth he was superb athlete. As a junior tennis player he had national ranking. He was an outstanding baske ball and football player. Also, it might be me tioned that he was not an outstandingly brillia scholar. Others received higher grades in class. B when this man walks into a room, you are co scious of a spiritual power. You are reminded the poignancy of prayer. He brings his people in a living relationship with God, not so much in wh he says, as in what he is. Many people thought hi to be foolish in many ways. For instance, for ma years he would not buy an automobile. He thoug it to be an unjustified expense. So he rode a bicyc as he made his pastoral calls. I can see him now lean, tall, and bronzed as he rode his bicycle in the wind, bringing to the sick and the needy t good news of Jesus Christ. Now this is my pictur it is not yours. But you have a picture of son dedicated man or woman. We all need a picture Jesus as he might look if he came to our city.

One of Us

Yes, the Jesus of history was the Christ of Ga lee. He was the carpenter who called the fisherm from their nets. He was a Jew by birth and a oriental in tradition and thought. If he enter our church today we would fall down upon o knees in worship and wonder. But if he came to from out of our own times and culture we would more liable to listen to him. A Christ with a cre cut would understand the agonies and fears of pe ple who dread drastic social changes on the Sou Side of Chicago. He would be sympathetic with t prayers of parents who fear for children bein raised in an atomic age. He would be very co scious of a sex-dominated and psychiatric-orient generation. For He would be one of us as well the Lord of mankind.

He would have a message for each one of u They would not be words deadened with the sacr sanct dust of Scripture but words that would com to life in our own lives. He would speak to some the good women of the church who are more co cerned with keeping their friendships in the circl static than they are in broadening the horizons missionary endeavor and extending the arms the church to areas of need. He would rebuke thos uninformed men who think of a sanctuary as refuge for women and children. He would tell them as only he can speak, that religion is not a piou look and a folded posture, so much as it is a rollin up of the sleeves and a dipping of the hands int the dust and dirt of human sin and failure that w might add our testimony to the truth that this is good world if we work with God. He would cr aloud to a Men's Club that is satisfied to meet fiv times a year and enjoy a good meal and a pleasan entertainment. Perhaps he would reveal to thes men as he revealed to those fishermen so long ag a world that needs men of faith and courage. I be lieve that our heads would throb with guilt an our faces flush with shame as he would remind u

the sin of slander and the idle words of gossip destroy a citadel of faith. He would tell us again that we have no right to judge a human but we do have an obligation to extend the l of fellowship and love to all who seek it in ntant faith. I have a suspicion that he would be very much impressed with the list of com-ees, organizations, and meetings that make up monthly calendar. He would speak or perhaps ely look at the minister of the church who in would realize anew how far short he has fallen ven trying to lift the sights of his own personal or how shallow has become his leadership.

ut he would not leave us bereft and weeping. would not sweep us from our feet and then k away, a stalking figure of majestic judgment. so gently he would speak to us as he spoke to own beloved Jerusalem so long ago, "How often ld I have gathered your children together as a gathers her brood under her wings—but you ld not."

And yet it is not too late. For we are a Church Jesus Christ. We have organizations dedicated to preaching of the gospel. We have members, men women and young people who are rich in in-ligence and possess a willingness to serve. We ve money enough to support our church and ke a worthy contribution to the work of the urch universal. Yes, we even have courage and th and prayers. But our passionate need is for Christ in a crew cut. We need him to sit in our ws and enlighten our worship. We need him to ger in the halls of our learning and bring inspira-n to our teachers. We need him to dwell in our mes and cleanse our hearts of the dross of rou-e living. We need a Christ who will shatter the ssels of our complacency, demolish the bigotries ich threaten to strangle us, and who will com-rt the abiding sorrows of the heart. Believe me—hen our Christ of the crew cut sits in our pews—that hour we shall be a great church.

Hiroshima

(Continued from page 5)

ropped the bomb on America if they had been the irst to develop it. With firmness in his voice and ith moral conviction, Dr. Einstein replied, "Even you might have done this to us, this would still ave been no excuse for us to drop the bomb." He as saying that wrong is still wrong and that there re no extenuating circumstances in God's moral ingdom.

True, we may find ourselves to have won a yrrhic victory. We won the war, but at the terri-le cost of a crushing moral defeat. We have not et found any satisfactory explanation for not try-ng first to drop the bomb on water or wasteland as warning of what would come if Japan failed to apitulate. To those who argue that this would ave availed nothing, we reply that we did not give urselves or them a chance to find out. So, we live with our gnawing guilt at having dropped the first atom bomb on a civilian city, and having done so without making an attempt at a warning. A sense of impending doom and helplessness hangs over us. We fear that another nation might make an atomic attack on us, and we know that we will not be in a position to pass judgment on their deed.

But, having recognized our guilt, can we find some way of atoning for it? We, like Jacob, are troubled by the dark memory of what we have done. Jacob secured the birthright, but he did so at the cost of a clear conscience. He cheated his aged, blind father and his twin brother. But his conscience would not let him rest. One night, he had it out with God in a spiritual struggle so violent that it left him with a physical handicap. He limped for the rest of his days. As he described the experience, he said that he dreamed of an angel of God who wrestled with him till the break of day. So intent was he on resolving his problem of guilt that he said to the angel, "I will not let you go, unless you bless me." Shortly thereafter, Jacob sought out Esau, and they were reconciled. May we hope that out of the struggle within our consciences we may be moved to seek reconciliation with those we have so painfully hurt?

The Drama of Atonement

This desire for atonement is already finding expression in many ways.

For one thing, consider the terms of the peace treaty we made with Japan at the close of the war, and the express policy of our occupation forces to lay the foundations of democracy in that country. John Foster Dulles, the chief architect of the treaty and of that policy, spoke in 1952 as follows:

> The treaty placed no limitations upon Japan's trade and no dismantling of her shipbuilding or textile plants. . . . Future reparation was to be limited to the use of Japan's two surplus assets, namely surplus industrial capacity and surplus labor. . . .
>
> No limitation was placed upon Japan's right to defend herself since none of the Allied Powers had accepted any limitations of armaments for themselves. . . .
>
> Never before in history have victors in a cruel, costly and prolonged war offered the vanquished a peace of such unqualified reconciliation.[2]

This treaty went far toward atonement of our sins at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

A second expression of this desire for atonement is found in the many quiet acts of reconciliation which are going on between Americans and Japanese. An incident which dramatically symbolizes this activity took place some months ago on the television program called, "This Is Your Life." Those who saw it tell with great feeling the bringing together before a nation-wide television audience of two personalities, the Rev. Mr. Tanimoto, the Methodist minister in Hiroshima, and the pilot of the plane from which the bomb was dropped. Both parties were reasonably nervous at the prospect of the encounter, but they were soon engaged in conversation by the master of ceremonies. When

[2]Quoted from "Putting Moral Force to Work" by John Foster Dulles, which appeared in the March 15, 1952 issue of *Presbyterian Life*, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

asked what thoughts first went through their minds, Mr. Tanimoto said that he fell to the ground and said to himself, "Oh, God, what has happened?" The pilot said that when he circled the city and looked back at the tremendous mushroom of smoke and fire, he cried out, "Oh God, what have we done?" Then the two men shook hands, giving expression to their obvious feeling of common regret and to their relief at this chance for reconciliation. How many other incidents like this have taken place in less dramatic situations? We are sure that there have been many.

A third episode in the drama of atonement took place several years ago when the so-called Hiroshima Maidens were brought to this country for the treatment of burns suffered in the bombing. Like many others in Hiroshima, they had been unable to secure adequate medical treatment. In the year 1952, a group of young women gathered together in the church of this same Mr. Tanimoto. At the time of the bombing, they were young children. But when they met in the church, they were young ladies trying to find a place for themselves in society. Marriage seemed remote. Gainful employment was difficult not only because of their outward appearance, but also because of disability resulting from arm and hand burns.

Hiroshima Maidens

Meanwhile a number of Americans began to promote ways of bringing these maidens to our country for medical treatment. It is difficult to know to whom credit most belongs, though Mr. Norman Cousins, Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* was certainly one of the leaders of the project. Mt. Sinai hospital in New York deserves special mention for its offer of facilities. Many persons including Christian ministers participated in the arrangements which finally brought twenty-five of these Japanese girls to this country. They have now returned to Japan, grateful for the loving care and treatment which helped to heal not only the burns on their bodies but also the scars in their souls.

In trying to assess the motivation of those taking part in the project, the small committee of leaders sat up late one night and asked themselves why they were doing this. The first reason they gave was a deep-seated and underlying sense of guilt and strong personal responsibility for the first atomic weapon used against human beings.

When the final arrangements were made, a group of Hiroshima girls went together to the railroad station. The group included those who had been chosen to come to America and over forty who had to be left behind because of necessary limitations on the number who could be cared for and health reasons which would have kept them from America under any circumstances. Those who would remain behind wanted to say "good-by" to their friends. They seemed more jovial than usual, almost as if they were sharing in the spiritual benefits of the atonement which was being wrought for them through the twenty-five who were chosen.

When the project was announced, there was another vivid incident. The *Saturday Review of Literature* received a phone call from a man who identified himself as Robert Lewis. "I just wanted to say how personally grateful I am for this project," he said, "I was the captain of the plane that dropped the bomb."

A fourth way of atonement is seen in the establishment of the Japan International Christian University. Though Christian leaders have dreamed of a great Christian University in Japan since the turn of the century, it was the Second World War which gave it the effective impetus. The president of the student body recently expressed what many have known to be true, that "ICU was born from the ashes of the A-bomb." He went on to say, "We must not forget the agony and earnest prayers of mankind which gave it birth." By training Christian leaders for the next generation, we can help atone for our guilt, and, like Jacob, make a blessing out of a terrible wrong. Just as Jacob was given a new name, Israel, after his spiritual struggle, we may gain the new name of benefactor.

A New University

Opened unofficially in 1953, this university has already established itself as one of the great educational institutions of the Far East. The first graduating class consisted of 165 students. At present 666 undergraduates are enrolled. The freshman class of 167, which was enrolled just a few weeks ago, was selected from 2474 applicants, of whom 38% were women. Not only does the large number of applicants testify to the quality of education offered there, but there is further evidence of this high quality in the positions commanded by graduates. In a country where competition is keen and even fierce, one ICU student was one of 15 selected from 1800 applicants for a position in the diplomatic service, and was the first in years to be selected from a private university. Four of the 12 positions in Family Court, for which there were 990 contestants, went to ICU girls. The influence of ICU is being felt increasingly throughout the whole nation, so that we may confidently expect the next generation of leaders in Japan to show the influence of Christian democracy. If, in some future international crisis, Japan finds herself at the crossroads of momentous decisions, it is almost certain that Christian voices will be raised in high places. Who can tell whether these voices may make the difference between peace and catastrophe? As we continue to support this most significant Christian enterprise, we may truly feel that our atonement for our guilt at Hiroshima is being used by God for mighty purposes of peace and reconciliation.

Though we can never change the record of human history, and though the scars of our souls are deep, we may still atone for our guilt, just as Jacob made his peace with Esau. Driven by this worthy motive to put good into the world in place of evil, and to try to overcome a wrong, we shall become partners in shaping the new world for Christ. If we, like Jacob, wrestle with the angel of God until he leaves his blessing, we shall know how truly God can make the guilt of men to serve him.

Convincing Introduction
to a Misunderstood Concept

Communion of Saints

By John Brett Fort

I believe in the communion of saints." That is what you say every time you repeat the Apostles' Creed. What does it mean? Does it mean that we in heaven or somewhere out in the ethereal spaces St. Paul and St. John and Augustine and Francis of Assisi and Tertullian and all the rest of the canonized saints are having a communion service together?

We have no way of knowing what those saints are doing now. Does communion of saints mean that all the good people, the righteous, pure and perfect people of our parishes, are gathered together this morning in church? Obviously not. If any of us thought that we would not dare stay here. We would be the first to say that we are not saints; at least not in the general understanding of that word. When most people hear the word saint, they think of a vague figure in a stained glass window or some ultra-religious man of the early centuries who was so good that he does not seem quite human. The word saint has also become a slang expression which describes an uninteresting goody-goody, a sort of ecclesiastical Mr. Milquetoast.

There are many connotations of the word saint, some of them are complimentary, some disparaging, some vague, some false.

Etymology, as you know, is the study of the derivation of words, how the words came to be. Etymology gives us the original meaning of a word. If we want to understand the true sense of any word we must go back and find out what its original meaning was.

A Term of Relationship

In the first century of the church the word saint was a term of relationship, not primarily of character. Saints were simply those individuals who have been baptized in the name of Jesus. Today we speak of candidates for confirmation. That does not mean we consider such candidates to be superholy. Just so in the old days the word saint was simply another word meaning one who had been confirmed, who had become a Christian.

When the church fathers wrote in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the communion of saints," they meant, of course, I believe in the communion of fellow Christians; not perfect Christians, but ordinary men and women who have been baptized in Christ Jesus and who are trying to follow his teachings.

I read somewhere once that "communion" as referred to in the Creed means "having deep things in common." The more we have in common, the closer we come together in spirit.

There is nothing that has bound men together so closely as real religion. A book by Thomas Costain published in 1957 with the title *Below the Salt* is a novel about medieval England. The earls and barons and knights of those days were brought together in close relationship with one another when they went out to battle in a common cause. But the Marshal of England and his fellow knights who travelled together on the famous Christian crusades were in deep communion, not only during the crusades, but in all the years that followed.

Holy Things in Common

What do we mean by the communion of saints? We mean Christians having the highest and holiest things in common. To belong to the communion or fellowship of those who are joined together by Christ is to be a part not only of a visible congregation but a part of a great multitude. That communion reaches far beyond us. It reaches far beyond the here and now. It includes all who have ever been brought nearer to God through Christ. It includes millions of Christians who have made the great transition into eternal life.

Thousands of sermons have been preached in this pulpit. When I received the honor of an invitation to preach here, I wondered what I could say that has not already been said on some previous occasion. Because it is a personal testimony what I am about to say in the remaining few minutes has never been said here in quite the same way. For about six weeks this past summer I had the privilege of communing with the saints of our

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mother Church of England and our sister church in Ireland.

The Bishop of Worcester invited me to England and arranged for me a series of preaching engagements. The first Sunday I was a guest in the parish church of Croydon, Surrey. During World War II that parish was bombed many times. Some days the Nazi planes roared over the homes of Croydon and the sound was the sound of a billion bumblebees. One day a whole section of the church was smashed. On Christmas Eve that year, the church was filled to capacity with worshipers for the midnight service. Members of the congregation wore heavy overcoats. They brought heated bricks to keep their feet warm. The snow was falling as it often does on Christmas Eve, but this night, because the roof was gone, it came right down on the shoulders of the people. The chancel was not flooded with brilliant light. The people could not see its rare beauty. The only illumination came from two candles on the altar.

Some days later another bomb completely demolished the parochial school. Fortunately it was after school hours and no children were hurt. The very next day the vicar and his wife received word that their son had been killed in the Battle of Britain.

I spent the first week end in June 1957 in that parish. The church had been completely restored and a new chapel added, honoring the boys of the parish who had given their lives for England. We were taken on a tour of the brand new, modernistic parish school. The vicar and his wife and others who had lost their sons were witnessing for Christ triumphantly and joyously. At every service the people filled the church. They had deep things in common. They were exemplifying the communion of saints.

An Unbroken Line

The following Sunday, which was Whitsunday, I had the privilege of administering the Chalice at the early service and preaching at eleven o'clock in St. John-in-Bedwardine, Worcester. Parishioners have been worshiping there for a long while. Out in the vestibule they have a complete list of vicars who have served there. The first one listed was Robertus de Cyrencester, 1283. There is an unbroken line of them from 1283 A.D. right down to the present vicar, Thomas Malcolm Richards. On the outside of the church there are several deep ridges in the masonry. Those indentations were made by Oliver Cromwell and his men, when they sharpened their swords and spears before going into battle. The church still stands and so does the vicarage. Parts of those buildings have been there for centuries and all during that time there has been the communion of the saints in that parish every day.

In the afternoon we motored over to the other side of the city, across the Severn River to magnificent Worcester Cathedral. St. Wulstan and St. Oswald used to preach there centuries ago. Lattimer, who was burned at the stake for his faith, was Bishop of Worcester once upon a time. Standing in the pulpit in that vast cathedral one could almost feel the presence of the countless saints of old and rejoice in the privilege of worshiping with the many modern English saints who had come to Choral Evensong. Remember, saint is just another name for Christian.

One Sunday nearly two thousand saints were in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London. There were English saints, American saints, Australian, West Indian and saints of other countries. Probably none of them, including the preacher, were the good Christians they ought to be, but at least all had one deep thing in common, the worship of God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

I witnessed the communion of saints in St. Mary's Church in Sunbury-on-Thames and finally in ancient St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, Ireland.

In every one of those churches you here in America were remembered. I heard with my own ears prayers offered to Almighty God for fellow Christians in the United States.

New Meaning

Do I believe in the communion of saints? I certainly do. I experienced the truth of this doctrine in rare fellowship at dinner one night in Lambeth Palace, where Archbishops of Canterbury have lived for nearly eight hundred years. I worshiped next morning in the historic chapel at Lambeth where bishops were traditionally consecrated. White and Provost and Madison of America were among them.

When you make a pilgrimage to England the phrase, "communion of saints" has new meaning for you. You feel the significance of those words as you make your way through Westminster Abbey and Canterbury, and as you reverently kneel in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Communion of saints also has new meaning when you are entertained so cordially and happily in the homes of your fellow communicants of Britain.

As you sail for home the Epistle for the Feast Day of St. Simon and St. Jude floods your mind and heart with new significance. "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

Saint is simply another word for Christian. Communion is having deep things in common. Here in this historic cathedral today we commune with God and with one another and with all our fellow Christians on earth and in the spiritual kingdom that follows life on earth.

This morning we join in the communion of saints, with Augustine of Canterbury, Langton, Cranmer, Phillips Brooks, William Lawrence, and with the leaders of our day—Geoffery of Canterbury and Elizabeth his Queen, Defender of the Faith, and with Henry Knox Sherrill, our own Presiding Bishop.

We also are united through Christ Jesus with the kindred minds and wills and spirits of ordinary Christians throughout the nation and in distant lands, in the great cities of the world, in tiny hamlets and on the high seas. We are, this very hour, participating in the communion of saints.

Comes Real Through Dying—
ommunion Sermon

Crucifying God

By James W. Bergland

HE Negro spiritual asks the question, "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" We forced to answer *no*, for the nearest we come to in reading a story or seeing a picture. And yet Paul suggests that there is a crucifixion that the istian ought to experience himself, and this is crucifixion of the self. Paul says it this way:

> I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not , but Christ liveth in me. . . .

lmost everyone whom you meet, if he were to absolutely honest with you, would admit that if had his choice, he would be somewhat different n what he currently is. Perhaps if you yourself e to receive an imaginary fairy wand that could fill your every wish, you too would wish to be a erent, better, happier person. This frustration knowing what you want to be but being unable become this is frustration that St. Paul also ew. Listen to his words of anguish:

> I do not understand my own actions. For I do not do what I want, but I do the very thing I hate.

u and I know this problem too. For if by magic could suddenly become what we have always ired to be, all of us would change. We want to brave but are hounded by fears. We know we nnot really live and be anxious, so we have come the place where we worry about being worried. e strive desperately to be happy, and yet our ep unhappiness cannot be hidden.

So here is Paul talking about new life, the life at each of us—secretly or openly—would like to ve. He tells us how the new life comes: it comes rough dying. "I am crucified with Christ, never- eless I live."

Somehow, then, we must dig a grave and bury e old self, with faith that a new self will arise m this death. But this is what neither you nor can do—we cannot crucify ourselves. For how n that which is sinful create holiness? How can e muddy earth wash itself clean? How can the ying man do surgery on his own heart?

Because we cannot destroy ourselves utterly, we nnot crucify ourselves. So if real life for you and e comes only through this dying that St. Paul writes about, then this real life can never be ours, for we love ourselves so much that we cannot kill ourselves.

The truth of it dawns as you reflect upon the crucifixion of our Lord. For as you ponder in your heart that cross, you begin to understand that in the human situation, if man is to have life, he must kill his God. But we do not like to speak of killing God. It is not a peaceful thought, and it sends shivers of fears up your spine. Perhaps the reason that we do not like to speak of murdering God is that our own gods are weak and anemic, incapable of protecting themselves, existing only so long as we or others believe in them. Perhaps you must nurse your god, and defend him from harm, to keep him alive. If your god is a false god, a man-made god, a god who needs protection, then you cannot tolerate any talk about killing him. If you did kill him, he would be quite dead indeed, and you would have to make another idol for yourself, to replace the one that died.

If you have never thought seriously about getting rid of God, I then ask you two questions. First, is the reason you have never thought of killing him simply because he is so comfortable and pleasant? After all, you know, the man who loves cadillacs does not shove them over cliffs just to hear them tinkle. If God is nice, why kill him? And the second question is this: Is the reason that you never contemplate murdering God only that you have succeeded, so far, in ignoring him, so that as far as your daily existence is concerned, he does not really exist?

The Bitter Demand

I am suggesting that you will never really know whether your god is God or not until you kill him. This St. Paul had discovered. This many of us here have found. And I speak as one whose gods have died. I worshiped the gods of my fathers, but soon found them to be children's gods who faded and died before the harsh realities of life. I worshiped the gods of lust and fun, only to find in them not life but death. I worshiped the gods of knowledge, studying, reading, analyzing, only to sadly discover that life's most important lessons cannot be learned from books. I worshiped the gods of success, drank deep at the springs of accomplishment, tarried long at the fountains where friendships flowed freely—all this to one day discover that success is fickle, and accomplishments never satisfy, and false friendships fast decay.

So this is the bitter demand—a man must kill his god. This is not make-believe, or poetry, or myth. It is real depth—painful, lonely, and hard.

The truth of the gospel is that when you crucify the God who is really God, it is not he who dies but you! He lives! And in this dying and living new life, real life, comes to you. This is the good news, that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ loves us so much that he is willing to be killed by us so that divine life can be ours. And not in the dreamy tomorrow. Today! Mysteriously, as you kneel to receive this sacrament, the new birth begins. Life is fathered by God!

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The Christ of Tin Pan Alley

By Sue Wienhorst

IT has become a truism in the past five or ten years that the Bible is "box-office" and religion a best seller. Properly decked out, it can sell tickets, books, songs and even merchandise when commercially sponsored. The discovery that this was literally true was as surprising to the church, perhaps, as to the entertainment industry itself. Yet, although this is by no means news any longer, it is a fact which continues to go unheeded and unevaluated by the church. This is not to say however, that there has been no reaction to it. Indeed, reactions range from outraged condemnation of individual works to a somewhat tentative delight that religion has a popular appeal which extends even to such unlikely places as Hollywood and Tin Pan Alley.

The entertainment industry could afford a certain amount of exuberance, for what could be more convenient, after all, then the opportunity of "doing one's bit" for the higher things in life and earning a fast buck at the same time? The trade has been quick to heed religion's sales potentiality and anxious to cater to it. The reaction of the church, on the other hand, has been both slower and often less generalized. Negative reaction has been directed to individual works which seemed offensive for one reason or another. This has meant, however, a tacit approval of the more insipid characterizations of the church, clergy or of religion in general. The inane, it would seem, is harmless unless accompanied by overly lurid appeals to sex. Positively, the church seems to have reacted primarily to the *fact* of popularity rather than to the nature of the popular product itself. There has been a tendency both to take heart at the existence of a somewhat vaguely conceived "religious concern" and to ignore the form which this concern has actually taken. This permits us to be at once optimistic about the current fate of religion and occasionally critical of particularly offensive works. It also becomes possible to link the claim that America is at present in the midst of a religious awakening of a more ecclesiastical nature. This concentration on the fact of concern with a concomitant neglect as to the nature of the concern itself can result in a certain amount of complacency about the spiritual depth and basically Christian orientation of the American people. It is a short step indeed from the realization that the Bible is a box-office draw to the assumption that Jesus has made the Hit Parade.

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Who and What?

Does Christ dwell on Tin Pan Alley? The only way to find out, of course, is to go to Tin Pan Alley and see. This means, however, that we discontinue the practice of taking an underlying "religious concern" as important while failing to take the religion in which this concern is expressed at face value. It also implies a hardheaded resistance to the temptation to look at sales statistics on religious tunes. We are asking exactly *who* or *what* is popular and not about the popularity of something called religious and often assumed to be Christian.

Although *Somebody Up There Likes Me*[1] is supposedly religious in theme, the lyrics give almost no hint of it. The only indication that this song refers to religion or to God at all is that this "somebody" is consistently referred to as being "up there." We are left to our own devices, however, as to the meaning or location of "up there." It is conceivable that the song is talking about someone in the upstairs apartment, for this god is otherwise no different from a fairly reliable friend. We are told that he is a nature lover. He "likes the stars, the earth, and the gentle sea." The only other thing we manage to discover about him is that, despite our being "right or wrong," he is around to liven up a lonely hour whenever we need him. Now of course, no one wa to minimize the values of friendsh This song supposedly represents least one form of the religious outrea in contemporary America, howev As such, its very innocuousness dam it. What sort of a religion is it, af all, that worships a god scarcely d tinguishable from some hypothetic fellow in the upper part of the hous

Noncommittal Affirmation

I Believe,[2] a relatively old so which has become part of the standa repertoire, vies with *Somebody U There Likes Me* and *He's Got t Whole World in His Hands*[3] as t most noncommittal religious affirm tion possible. The song seems to stre merely the importance and value believing. The content of the belief e pressed here seems to be primari that some good comes from everythin Of course, it is pleasant to think th "for every drop of rain that falls flower grows," but this is scarcely re gious belief. The only thing that sav this song from expressing merely a b lief in the goodness of nature is the fa that one line mentions a faith in someone in the great somewhere wh hears every word." This "someone however, is never more closely relate to the balance of nature's disappoin ments and joys than the grammaticall serial form in which they appear.

The popular adaption of the Negr spiritual, *He's Got the Whole Worl in His Hands*, never gets beyond th statement made in the title except t say that "world" here also refers t people. The question in all three song begins to be more than one about th nature of this god; indeed, one wonder if the real question here is not ho pale God can become before simpl being a no-god replaced by a warr feeling about the values of religion.

He[4] is a much more explicit son and manages to progress further tha repetition of the title, something whic might be disastrously monotonous wi such a short title. We do not have t wait till midway through the lyrics t

[1] Lyrics by Sammy Cahn (New York: Leo Feist, Inc., 1956).

[2] Lyrics by Drake, Graham, Shirl and Stillma (Cromwell Music, Inc., 1952).

[3] Adapted by G. Love (New York: Chappel and Co., Inc., 1957).

[4] Lyrics by Richard Mullen (New York: Ava Publishing Co., Inc., 1954).

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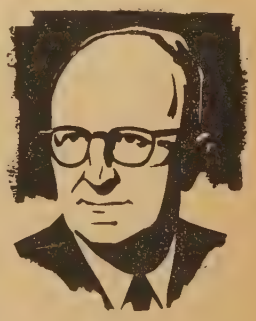
By JOHN KNOX



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find that "somebody" is also a "he." The publishers even go so far as to print the word "he" in large type throughout the song. This indicates, I presume, that the person in question is more than human and therefore deserving of some special typographical treatment. This song marks several advances over the others. In the first place, this god not only likes nature but also controls it. He turns tides, paints clouds gray, lights stars and the like. Even more important is the fact that this fellow is conveniently able to grant wishes, make dreams come true, see into the future and even knows where the rainbow ends. His control of life would seem virtually complete, for "HE alone decides who writes a symphony." Presumably he also decides who would make a first-rate garbage collector. Then, too, this song has the distinction of admitting that "it makes Him sad to see the way we live." This advance in moral development is immediately qualified, however, by the fact that the lyrics assure us that we need fear no celestial unpopularity on this account. "HE'll always say 'I FORGIVE'." We have at least reached an omnipotent God who reacts, if rather weakly, to the way in which we conduct ourselves.

The Sure-Fire Cure

Although *Crying in the Chapel*[5] actually manages to identify its god as "the Lord" rather than merely HE, it goes no further. The burden of its message is that religion is a sure-fire cure for all our ills, especially those having to do with discontentment, worry and the like. Contrary to expectations, the crying so graphically portrayed in the mournful melody is neither a sign of repentance nor even of the search for "peace of mind" which brings one to the chapel. Instead of this, the tears in this chapel are always tears of joy shed for the attainment of contentment. Some aspects of American religiousness, it would appear, have all the pharmaceutical values of a happiness pill.

The only song to become a hit in the past few years and to come from a recognizably Christian background is the Roman Catholic song, *Our Lady of Fatima*.[6] The specificity of its text, however, does not seem to have hampered a widespread appeal. The publisher must have had some doubts on this score, for he took the precaution of including in the music a reading to be done with melody as a background. This reading, *Poem* by Samuel Lewis, informs us that the meaning of the Virgin's appearance at Fatima was simply the Lord's "kindly way" of asking us all to pray. The need for prayer, of course, is something upon which we can all agree even when we cannot pray to Mary for intercession or offer her daily rosaries as the lyrics of the song suggest.

Although this has by no means been an exhaustive survey of even the nominally religious output of Tin Pan Alley for the past two or three years, it should warn us to beware of overly optimistic generalization about the depth of religious concern voiced here. Christ is nowhere to be seen in this section of Tin Pan Alley, and the gods that do prevail cannot be seriously identified with the Christian God.

We Get What We Want

It would be futile to deny that a certain form of religious concern is manifest here as it would be to deny that songs of this type have become increasingly popular. To be a successful gimmick, after all, religion must sell, and it does. I do not even wish to deny a causal relationship between the two. On the contrary, this is precisely the point that we dare not forget. We get exactly what we want in the popular arts. Giving us what we want and want enough to buy in large quantities is the function of the mass media as commercial enterprises. It is therefore a bit foolish to take delight in a religious concern which gives rise to religious affirmations of this sort, affirmations which, when understood as such by the church, could not fail to call forth her protest. The fact that we *do* get what we want in the popular arts, despite the dubious aesthetic value or cultural merit of such a system, means that popular arts are, if nothing else, a mirror of the popular mind. Viewed this way, we must take the religi they portray as seriously as we do concern that underlies their popu ity.

The Subtlety of the Unintentio

Our failure to recognize the existe of *rival* religious claims in such th as popular songs is not simply the sult of a fuzzy sort of logic which fers comfortably vague, undefined stractions filled with implicit id and dreams rather than explicit a ality. The fact that this sort of th ing is possible here, even on the of those in whose interest it is to more critical, is facilitated by the that the subject under discussion entertainment. The distractive fu tion of entertainment discourages inquiry which proposes to take it riously as a gage of the popular m The fact that it functions as an esc *from* reality tends to preclude its be taken as indicative *of* reality. The plication is, then, that it would be gularly perverse to critically exam the literal content of that which no in his right mind could take seriou This is just the point, however. fact that no one takes this seriou diminishes neither its effectiveness its message-bearing character. It s ply makes the influence of the mess preached here all the more insidic To assume that entertainment is serious and has no "message" is to vite the suspension of critical ju ment and conscious choice. We there become open to a subtle form of intentional but nevertheless effect indoctrination, one that is success precisely because it is not recogni as such. In short, whether they like think of it that way or not, the mus makers are promulgating religi doctrine, albeit to dance time. H then, can the church fail to take n of that which everyone seems to pre to leave in the limbo of the pleas but unimportant?

Escape from Reality

The distractive function of ente tainment should also be taken a l more seriously when we tend to soot ourselves with talk about the "point contact" constituted by the conce underlying these works. The fact th Tin Pan Alley's god *is* a distracti and an escape from reality makes hi a formidable foe. He takes our min off not only the office, the rent or t latest case of measles in the family b also the human situation as such ar off God himself. Wrathful love ar loving wrath seem stern indeed to people who want only to forget th troubles, escape being alone for a mi ute and feel hopeful at all costs. It far more pleasant to feel complacent that one is, after all, a fairly good fe low and fundamentally religious tha to be convicted of sin. It is easier like a pale but accommodating go than it is to submit to the Lord of lif

Pulpit Calendar

Aug. 3—10th Sunday after Pentecost.
Aug. 6—The Transfiguration.
Aug. 10—11th Sunday after Pentecost.
Aug. 17—12th Sunday after Pentecost.
Aug. 24—13th Sunday after Pentecost.
Aug. 31—Festival of Christ the King. Labor Sunday.
Sept. 1—Labor Day.
Sept. 7—15th Sunday after Pentecost.
Sept. 14—16th Sunday after Pentecost.
Sept. 21—17th Sunday after Pentecost.
Sept. 28—18th Sunday after Pentecost.
Sept. 28-Oct. 5—Christian Education Week.
Oct. 5—World-Wide Communion.
Oct. 12—Men and Missions Day.
Oct. 12-19—Churchmen's Week.
Oct. 19—Laymen's Sunday. World Order Sunday.
Oct. 26—Reformation Sunday. World Temperance Day.
Oct. 31—Reformation Day.

[5] Lyrics by Artie Glenn (Knoxville: Valley Publishers, Inc., 1953).
[6] Gladys Gollahon (New York: Robbins Music Corporation, 1951).

is not to say that the Christian ...age has neither appeal nor rele... for modern man, but let us rec... e the very real power of the inane, ...nnocuous and the insipid.

Sin and Sentimentality

...is possible to question whether or ...eligion's popularity today actually ...esents a return to spiritual values ...l. The success formula of sin and ...mentality cast in a framework at ... nominally respectable is by no ...s a recent discovery. The only ... element in the contemporary situ... consists merely in the fact that ...ion is capable of being put to use ... without any general or prolonged ...ic reaction, secular or otherwise. ...is a return to spiritual depth? Is ...t rather a degeneration of religion ...e point where, as sentimentality, ...tisfies or, as a facade of respecta... within which sex can be vicari... enjoyed, it no longer offends? I ...ously doubt that we can applaud a ...vth of religious concern marked by ...ovement from the already dubious ...h of *What a Friend We Have in ...us* to that of "What a Friend We ...e." Perhaps Nietzsche was right ...n he said that God is dead. Already ... are being given new gods for our ...ctuaries.

N. B.

...HE Publican's desperate sense of ... need and imperfection made in... nt contact with the source of all per... tion. He stood afar off, saying "God ... merciful, be generous, to me a sin...!" He had got the thing in propor... n. We need not suppose that he was ...pecially wicked man; but he knew ... was an imperfect, dependent, needy ...n, without any claims or any rights. ... was a realist. That opened a chan..., and started a communion, between ...e rich God and the poor soul. But ...e Pharisee's accurate statement of ...s own excellent situation made no ...ntact with the realities of the Spirit, ...rted no communion. He was dressed ... his own spiritual self-esteem; and it ...ted like a mackintosh. The dew of ...ace could not get through. "I thank ...ee, Lord, that I am a good Church... a good patriot, a good neighbor." ...long those lines there is absolutely ...thing doing. No communion between ...irit and spirit. No adherence to real... Osuna says that God plays a game ...ith the soul called "the loser wins"; a ...me in which the one who holds the ...orest cards does best. The Pharisee's ...nsciousness that he had such an ex...llent hand really prevented him from ...king a single trick.—Evelyn Under...ill, *The Spiritual Life* (New York: ...arpers, 1937). Used by permission.

Book Reviews

THE RESPONSIBLE CHRISTIAN. *By Victor Obenhaus. The University of Chicago Press. $4.00.*

THIS reviewer would rather chop off his two big toes than to mislead you about a book. Here is an easy-to-read masterpiece chock full of sermon ideas and homiletical material. Your response will be, "This is precisely what I have been seeking! Hallelujah!"

Professor Obenhaus, in the Federated Theological Faculty, University of Chicago and Chicago Theological Seminary, writes in Anglo-Saxon Protestant English. There are no academic flourishes in his chapters, chapters like Race, Church and State, Civil Rights, Christian Vocation, all of which (and more) are set forth in lucid prose with unparalleled vigor and simplicity.

With genuine Christian wisdom the author turns the searchlight of the gospel on major social issues in American life. His is no split-level gospel, the so-called personal and social gospel. Listen: "Love towards individuals is not something apart from love in society. It is all of a piece. It is, indeed, only a person who can translate the idea of love—a genuine interest in and concern for one's fellow men, created by and in the likeness of God—into the situations which prevail in a highly organized technical society. Yet this is the task of religion and of the church in particular."

Self-appointed and self-anointed guardians of regimented thinking will not gain a mastery of their dubitable trade by reading *this* book. The many "subscriptions" (sic) to various magazines and papers reaching our desk, trying to cover the same subjects under the guise of Christianity, will shrink to the size of Swift's Lilliputians when posed alongside this book.

If many pressing matters are knifing in on your reading hours, this book is expressly for you. With ample margin space for notes on the 196 pages you will keep sermon ideas flowing like a spring freshet. And the sermons won't be for the "initiated" alone, but for every person who can feel warmth and cold, hunger and plenty, in his zigzag day.—*C. Sumpter Logan, Ogden, Utah.*

CHRIST AND CELEBRITY GODS. *By Malcolm Boyd. Seabury. $3.50.*

OURS is the age of the "Celebrity Cult" and "Mass Media"—and the one cannot thrive without the other. As Malcolm Boyd sees it—and he has a well-seasoned set of peepers, having served as a Hollywood executive before becoming an Episcopal priest—neither the man in the pulpit nor the man in the pew knows how to handle either the celebrity or mass media. In most cases, the celebrity and mass media combine their strategies to give the pulpiteer and the pew-sitter a sound thrashing.

Exhibit A: DeMille's $13,500,000 film, *The Ten Commandments*—"the ultimate development of religiosity in mass media." Like so many of Hollywood's biblically-related celluloids, filmdom's "colossalest, stupendousest, giganticest" is not Scripture. The scenarists fabricated a romantic story which is an "absurd bastardization of Scripture." It has about as much relation to religion "as orange juice stands have to a cocktail bar."

Yet, DeMille's *magnum opus* was box office evidence of how a well-devised mass media operation could so easily exploit the American clergy. Ministers of all faiths were bamboozled into unprecedented support of the movie; and because the shepherds of the flock cried, "Go see this!" the sheep lined up in herds.

The author objects to Hollywood invariably identifying God with the spectacular "so that one may well wonder why the cold in the head is not healed immediately, or a dead relative brought back to life, if, indeed, God performs miracles like a divine trained-seal." He further objects to myriads of youngsters (and I would add "oldsters") who receive their unbiblical Christian education from DeMille & Company.

Besides the movie industry's products—which get a thorough look-see—the author gives first-class treatment to Broadway's plays and the present crop of novels. He contends that the cinema, the theater, and the novel are asking basic questions about the meaning of life, but provide—at best—a negative witness. This means that the church must lend its listening lobes to the questions being asked by men and women in today's world before it attempts to offer intelligible answers which it is equipped to give, thanks to its communicative relationship with Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer.—*Leslie Conrad, Jr., Executive Secretary, The Luther League of America, Philadelphia, Pa.*

MEET JOE ROSS. *Russell L. Dicks. Abingdon. $2.50.*

IN the preface of this book Dr. Dicks writes, "I agree with Joe [Ross] that most of the religious and philosophical thinkers of our time have been busy writing books for one another while the Joe Rosses struggle with the problems of existence, destiny, and death." In so far as this account of conversations with Joe Ross pulls us out of the round of academic activities

that is largely detached from everyday living and that we often carry forward under the illusion of superior occupation, this book is important. It is of value in reminding us of the fundamental human need of sharing the deeper problems, issues, and questions of life with trusted, mutually-concerned friends. As for the conversations themselves, however, I was left somewhat uncertain about the value of delineating them at length in a book. They are for the most part rather obvious and elementary—which however may be a virtue.

When we meet Joe Ross, a certified public accountant, he has a daughter who is ill in the hospital. The daughter, however, is soon well. His difficulty is that he is unreconciled to life—complaining, self-pitying, and cynical as well as (or because) he is markedly immature in his religious thinking. Dr. Dicks calls him an average American. If this is true and the thought is that typical Americans all need to be personally helped by means of extended discussions and counseling such as recorded in this book, one finds it difficult not to conclude that the task confronting us is virtually impossible in its magnitude. If Joe Ross is a typical American, the locus of the problem, it would seem, lies in the rearing of children and the attitudes toward life which we, our culture, and our education encourage or permit them to. There will still be importance, a tedly, in helping Joe Rosses reme but the task that must have ou mediate foremost concern is the ventive one of rearing *other* tha Rosses.

The subjects discussed, not di named in many of the chapter ings, are the practical religio- sophical kind such as "the old, e why?" in connection with misfo suffering, and death; the related jects of illness, sin, God, and pr the modern misuse of Christmas devil; the idea and place of judg in life; survival after death; mar and divorce; alcoholism; suicide age; etc. The theology and vie Joe Ross are his own, arrived at h own thinking and leanings. Joe R perhaps in part a mouthpiece th which the author speaks his own agreement with traditional evang emphases, for example, about ma writes in a chapter summary, Ross rejects the concept of man describes him as a sinner, an thinks of man rather as a creatu one who is basically neither good bad, but one whose purpose is to s with God in the creative process. that as it may, the subjects are tre in an inquiring, sincere, though n course in (159 short pages) a p sophically exhaustive way.—*Wi Janssen, First Presbyterian, No Illinois.*

What is a Minister?

Ministers come in assorted sizes and denominations. Some wear their collars frontward, others backward. Some wear vestments in the performance of their duties; some do not. But underneath these purely external manifestations there is a personality of deep understanding—a personality born, trained and educated to lead and enrich the lives of others.

Ministers are the spiritual leaders throughout life, from baptism to final rites. Joining man and woman together, ministers are master "knot tie'ers", liaisons of happiness!

Ministers are conservative in the way they live, yet spare nothing in the performance and devotion to their work. They are emblematic of that which cannot be seen, but only felt. They are mortals symbolic of an ideal, material leaders of the greatest of all intangibles.

Unlike many parishioners, ministers face tomorrow realistically. Back in 1900 a group of Minneapolis clergymen, realizing that ministers are the best insurance risks in the world, and therefore entitled to lower rates than the general public, organized Ministers Life—the only company that provides *complete* insurance protection for ministers including Life, Endowment, Accident, Sickness and Hospital coverage. That's why today, Ministers Life is the largest organization of clergymen in the country—a mutual union whose sole purpose is to provide tailor-made insurance programs to fit the exclusive needs of the ordained clergy.

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REALITY AND PRAYER. *By John B. gee. Harper & Brothers. $3.50.*

THIS "Guide to the Meaning Practice of Prayer" is writte the professor of philosophy and gion at the College of Puget Soun Washington. It speaks to present Christians who want to believe in validity of prayer but are still haun by the denial of the efficacy of pra current in intellectual circles a gen tion ago. The chapter entitled, " ence, Law and Prayer," is a sple statement of the new view of pra implied in recent scientific concept

The author covers the whole "s trum of prayer": confession, petit intercession, thanksgiving, meditat communion. He draws upon a w range of illustrative material, h from Christian and non-Christian m tics as well as from psychology, scie and para-psychology. Some of more helpful sections are those wh deal frankly with the psycholog reasons why even those who believe prayer still do not practice it.

"Prayer and the study of praye endless," writes the author. It mi be added that books about prayer f also in an endless stream from the p lishers. This book deserves a high pl among them, and for many will se as a good introduction to what thoug ful and devout men are thinking ab prayer in the changing intellectual mate of the 20th century.—*Jan Gordon Gilkey, Jr., Bethany Uni Chicago, Illinois.*

ANCIENT LIBRARY OF QUMRAN MODERN BIBLICAL STUDIES. *By nk Moore Cross, Jr. Doubleday. 0.*

ill cost you about two and one- f cents a page to read this book. orth it. If you, like the reviewer, een a bit confused by the pleth- f articles, books, lectures, and ting ideas that have appeared rning the Dead Sea Scrolls, this is for you.

Cross, lately of McCormick ogical Seminary, Chicago, and of Harvard Divinity School, is bly the foremost authority on crolls today. His book is a survey more than ten years' study and by scholars on the Scrolls.

is book contains the text of the ell Lectures for 1956-1957, which delivered to the Graduate School heology, Oberlin, Ohio. Conse- ly, the material is extremely able and excitingly presented. The of the lectures has been expanded extensive footnotes. So, you take choice. If you want a clear, y-read, up-to-date resumé and in- etation of the Scrolls, you need read the footnotes. If you have a scholarly bent, you will read the otes. Frankly, they ought to be , for they have a quality that is among footnotes—they have vigor interest.

he story is here of the discovery of library, what is contained in the lls, what the Essenes and their nunity at Qumran was like, the ionship of the Scrolls to the Old ament and to the New Testament. , both published and unpublished, and new, is used.

hat Dr. Cross has attempted to do st expressed in his own words: ch lecture records . . . an attempt chieve in a given area a synthesis, t least a systematic interpretation, he facts now available." He has eeded admirably in his attempt.— *ald R. Johnson, Westminster Pres- rian, Toledo, Ohio.*

NCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP. *y Raymond Abba. Oxford. $2.75.*

AINTED on the walls of Greek Orthodox Churches are represen- ons of the saints—"ikons," as they called—whose purpose is to re- d the worshiper that the church sists not only of the local congre- on but also of the believers of past s who now belong to the great mul- de of the redeemed in heaven. What iconography does for the Or- dox worshiper, Raymond Abba's k does for the Protestant pastor. king the various elements which oc- in Christian worship services, the hor places them in a framework which they can be clearly seen inst their theological, historical, l liturgical background. Bible read- in public worship, as an example, raced from early Jewish synagogue ial through the medieval monastic ces, on up to Protestant services of the present day; and this gives to the pastor who must select a scriptural passage for next Sunday a new sense of the dignity and significance of his task.

Though well-grounded in thorough-going scholarship, *Principles of Christian Worship* is neither heavy nor dull. Mr. Abba writes with a direct and lucid style, and the reader finds himself carried along, painlessly acquiring considerable information and helpful insights on the subject of worship—what the author refers to as the offering of the self in response to the self-offering of God in Christ.—*William S. Hill, St. Stephen's Church, Wilkinsburg, Pa.*

PULPIT POST

(Continued from page 2)

by the locusts of sin and indifference but God has promised restoration to all who repent and it shall be so.

Could you coax a sermon out of someone with that verse as a text? Obadiah 1:15 should bring forth another as well as Nahum 1:7.

GEORGE MCGILL HAYES
Canandaigua, New York

Poisoned Meat Ax?

SIR: Is it too "un-neo-something or other," too utterly old fashioned to believe the teachings of Nathan, Elijah, Amos, Hosea and Jesus of Nazareth? Would it be interfering with "sacred personality" too much to mention the quixotic thrill experienced by Roy DeLamotte in his article on page six of your July number? If he wants to be a modern saint fighting dragons with new weapons like meat axes, wouldn't it be better first to find the dragon and refrain from attacking what Bishop Kennedy calls the "only bulwark against the cheapening of human life"? Would I be making an unwarranted attack upon another modern American "sacred cow," planned obsolescence, to wonder if some purportedly new theories in theology are finding it necessary to go to some extremes to justify their existence?

Very likely some modern psychologists have gone too far in wrong directions in advocating undisciplined "self-expression" which is not full expression of the basic self but a result of a failure to understand children and how to help them become their truest selves by teaching them early to get what they need without making themselves obnoxious, and to learn to share responsibility, appreciation and love. Helping a person not to be a spoiled child is in no sense interfering with the "sacredness of human personality" but rather promoting it.

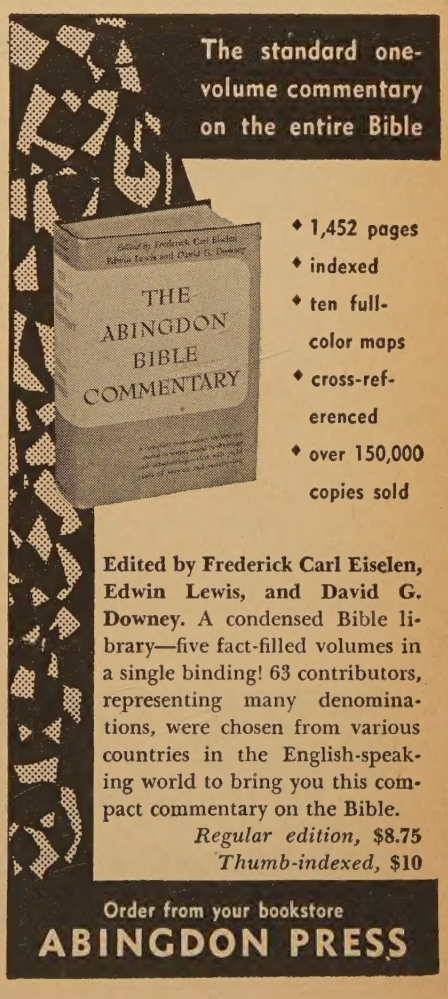
Really, sacred human personality does not develop in a vacuum, nor is it one-sided. Human personality develops in relationships, in "community" (look out for the meat ax).

Mr. DeLamotte says "We preach racial tolerance not because God commands us to do justly and love mercy, but because intolerance damages human personality." Have I been mistaken for fifty years or does the Bible teach that God loves his children? Is avoiding the damaging of human personality an expression of love in which we can cooperate with God, whom Jesus called "Father"? I had always supposed that I had been preaching racial tolerance, social justice, highway safety, etc., *both* because it was the will of God and was good for my fellow men and that if I failed to do this, I would not only be failing both God and my fellow men, but also warping my own personality.

I had understood that when Jesus was asked, "What is the great commandment?" he had answered to love God with the whole personality and that there was another commandment inseparable from the first concerning loving your neighbor as yourself. A rabbi told me that, literally, this second part read, in Leviticus, "Love your neighbor (he is) like yourself."

Would you consider Oxnam's *A Testament of Faith* and Kennedy's *I Believe* good antidotes for the poison on the edge of the "meat ax"?

GEORGE R. BELL
Mora and Ogilvie Methodist Churches
Mora, Minnesota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